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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

### OUR LESSON IN MEXICO.

MEXICO is again a prey to anarchy. With the fall of Maximilian and the restoration of Juarez the Mexican Republic was ostensibly re-established, and the press of the United States was nearly unanimous in congratulating Mexicans upon their regained freedom and in prophesying its perpetuity. *The Round Table* ventured to be an exception. We avowed our disbelief in the capacity of Mexico permanently and prosperously to maintain institutions similar to those of this country; pointed to the history of her forty years' unsuccessful experiment to that end; and predicted her speedy relapse into the old chronic condition of spoliation, lawlessness, and bloodshed. Events are rapidly confirming the accuracy of these views, and demonstrating the futility of grounding any political calculations upon the assumption of the fitness of Mexicans for self-government. They had the courage and the resolution to throw off the Spanish yoke, and were even able to overthrow the unfortunate prince whom the treacherous friendship of Napoleon III. tempted to his ruin. But the whole force of the Mexican character is expended in single spasmodic efforts, and is unequal to the subsequent task of utilizing what has thus been gained. The materials of which republican states are made—the persevering hardihood, the diffused intelligence, the self-respect, the physical stamina—in Mexico do not exist; and we might as well build a palace of cards and expect to see it withstand the gales of winter as look to see the free institutions of New England permanently established by the mongrels of New Spain.

The reasons for the satisfaction so generally expressed in the United States over the execution of Maximilian and the restoration of the Mexican Republic are sufficiently intelligible. Mexico is a neighbor, had imitated Anglo-American example in forcibly emancipating her soil from the rule of the parent state, was supposed to be attacked by France partly in the interest of the Southern Confederacy, was at all events attacked under circumstances that precluded our otherwise inevitable interference, and moreover the assault upon Mexican liberty was undertaken to enforce pecuniary obligations under circumstances which did not enlist the sympathies of the majority of Americans in behalf of the claimants. Beside all this, the question as to the stability of republics had lately been vigorously revived by our own domestic troubles, and it was satisfactory to escape an unfavorable deduction from the Mexican example. That the Montgomery constitution was practically identical with the old one, and that the failure of a republic in Mexico, as an argument against such governments would differ only in degree from the failure of a republic in Congo, were considerations not adapted to popular use, so that, on the whole, the triumph of Juarez was regarded as a triumph for ourselves. To be consistent, then, it must be supposed that his failure, or rather the general failure of a democratic government to secure to Mexico peace, content, and security for life and property, should be regarded as a defeat for ourselves. Such, indeed, it is, in a partial and limited sense; but it is a defeat that carries with it a remarkably salutary lesson, which every thinking American citizen should carefully ponder.

The attempts to establish a republic in Mexico have failed heretofore, and will fail hereafter, for the single sufficient reason that the Mexicans are a nation of hybrids. It is not the weakness of republican institutions, but the weakness of those who, in that unhappy country, seek to adopt them, that constitutes the irremediable difficulty. The Mexicans are no more fit for such institutions than we ourselves should be if subjected to the same debasing conditions. As a very powerful thinker, Dr. Page, of Edinburgh, has lately said in a work\* now attracting a great deal of

attention: "It is vain to talk, as some well-meaning but sadly misinformed men often do, of the civilizing and ameliorating influences of admixture and amalgamation. There can be no permanent amalgamation of races that are widely different, no admixture of superior and inferior types, which does not lead in the long run either to the extinction of the inferior or to the debasement of the superior." Fusion of this sort works well neither physically, socially, nor politically, although no doubt the mischievous effects are more susceptible of diminution in the two latter cases than in the former one. Differences of religion and climate are totally insufficient to account for the astonishing disparity that subsists between the peoples of the two contiguous countries of the United States and Mexico, and as Mr. Squier well says, in a passage quoted by Dr. Page, "If the United States, as compared with the Spanish American republics, has achieved an immeasurable advance in all the elements of greatness, that result is eminently due to the rigid and inexorable refusal of the dominant Teutonic stock to debase its blood, impair its intellect, lower its moral standard, or imperil its institutions by intermixture with the inferior and subordinate races of man."

It is a serious misfortune that the dogma of universal equality should be carried to such lengths in this country, more particularly by the extreme wing of the dominant party, as to lead to a common supposition that the extension of exactly uniform privileges or rights to everybody, and *not good government itself*, is the prime object of political action. The theory would be of necessity admirable if the two things were, as enthusiasts claim them to be, equivalent; but, in truth, men must be much higher and better beings than they now are before such identity can be realized. The restoration of the republic of Mexico was hailed with enthusiasm by the numbers who see no difference between names and things, by those who imagine that to call all men free and equal, to give all men a vote and to style their system a republic, is really to ensure good government, whatever the time, place, or circumstances. For the twentieth time the fallacy, so far as Mexico is concerned, has exploded. Perhaps at this juncture the example may have its uses, and lead the American people to pause before they give irrevocable assent to processes which will infallibly tend to make the whole vast area of the Southern States a second Mexico, with a promise no less glittering and specious, and a performance even more mournful and destructive.

### CARRIERS OF PASSENGERS.

THE common law, while it holds carriers of merchandise and of the baggage of passengers to the strictest accountability for safe delivery, making them absolute insurers of its safety, except in the cases of loss by the act of God or the public enemy, is much more lax in its rules respecting the responsibilities of carriers of passengers. In the case of a loss of a box of goods, nothing will excuse the carrier except when the loss is occasioned by one of the two causes before mentioned. Where a passenger is killed or maimed, however, the carrier is not held responsible if he can show that he took every precaution which human skill and foresight could suggest to ensure the safety of the passenger. Thus it happens that human life appears to be of less consequence in the eye of the law than mere property. It is hard to say upon what principle the rule is founded, but the rule is well established nevertheless. Perhaps it is involved in the reasoning by which the common law refuses to grant compensation for injuries received by individuals in consequence of death caused by the death of another. In the state of New York the latter rule has been relaxed by statute, and a person who has a pecuniary interest in the life of another may now recover damages to the extent of five thousand dollars against a person who causes the death of the individual in whose life there is such interest. But in this case, as well as in the case of a person who sues for damages to his own person, the carrier is still allowed to show that he took all precautions to prevent accident; and if he can satisfy the jury of that fact the plaintiff cannot recover.

As carriers are generally corporations, and always rich, persons who are injured by their carelessness or

by their neglect to provide against what are too loosely described as accidents, have generally formidable opponents to encounter when they attempt to recover at law some compensation for the damages they have received. The courts have established a rule which in its operation has pressed hard on the injured party. This is called the rule of contributing negligence. As laid down and applied in our courts it amounts to this: If the person injured has done any act, or omitted to do any act, the doing or omitting to do which has in any way, no matter how slight, contributed to the accident, he cannot recover. He must show himself to be entirely free from all negligence. When to this rule are added the regulations made by carriers as to how the passenger is to dispose of himself, what he is to do and what he is not to do while in transitu, rules which are sustained by the courts, it will be seen that the carriers are very likely to have the best of it in a legal battle. In the cases of injuries caused by a collision on the Long Island Railroad a few years ago, it was seriously urged by the railroad company that they should not be liable for the injuries sustained by passengers who were standing on the platform of a forward car, notwithstanding that there was not a place in the car for the passengers to sit. The company, indeed, attempted to show that in the last car of the train there were seats, but the passengers had not been informed of that fact, and it was gravely argued that by not ascertaining it for themselves while the train was in motion they were guilty of contributing negligence. The company was very properly beaten in that case, but it has gone up to the Court of Appeals, where possibly it may be disposed of in the lifetime of the present generation.

We are pleased, however, to find that since the case of *Ernst v. Hudson River Railroad* was decided in the Court of Appeals there appears to be a tendency toward giving injured persons some show of justice. The fact was that the doctrine of contributing negligence had been pushed to such extremes that it exploded in this case, and there is a prospect that hereafter it will be applied with some degree of regard for natural justice. A recent *nisi prius* case gives us further assurance that corporation carriers are not likely to have it all their own way with juries hereafter. We refer to the case of *Cauldwell v. People's Line*, tried at the May circuit in this city before Mr. Justice Cardozo and a jury. The plaintiff was a passenger on the *St. John*, and was terribly mutilated and injured by an explosion of the boiler of that vessel. The man was literally half-cooked. His feet were so terribly scalded that it seems a miracle they were preserved even in a mutilated condition. Indeed, any one who heard the medical testimony in this case must have been shocked at the recital of his sufferings, and astonished that a human being could endure them and live. He lay in bed for five months, and now, after a lapse of two years, is barely able to walk a block. He spent for medical attendance, nursing, board, and expenses of sickness \$6,000, and he sued the company for \$50,000 damages. The case was tried with remarkable ability on both sides. Mr. Brady and Mr. Dickerson for the plaintiff and Mr. Ira Schaffer for the defendants. The defence was that the company had taken every precaution against accident that human care, foresight, and prudence could suggest. To support this they examined witnesses concerning the construction of the boilers, the cause of the rupture of the boiler, and attempted to show that nothing which they could have done or could have known would have prevented the accident. The cross-examination of the engineer witnesses by Mr. Dickerson, himself a celebrated engineer as well as lawyer, was most skilfully conducted, and elicited the commendation of all the lawyers who heard it. The amount of this kind of evidence seemed to be, that there are states and conditions of steam and water where the boilers will burst in spite of human science and human skill. The counsel for the defence argued that, this fact being so, a man who deliberately occupies a state-room so near the boiler as to be injured by its rupture takes upon himself the risk which he thus assumes. It seemed extraordinary to hear such reasoning as this when the obvious answer is, that if there are positions in a steamboat dangerous to human life the company should not in those positions erect state-rooms and prepare beds to lure unscientific travellers into places of danger. If

\*Man: Where, Whence, and Whither?—Just republished in New York by Messrs. Moorhead, Simpson, & Bond.



it be true that state-rooms around boilers are dangerous, then it is the most criminal and reckless negligence to have them there. We confess that, without knowing anything about the expansive power of steam further than a general idea that it is a very dangerous thing to sleep near, we have always avoided such positions. We hope one result of this trial will be the removal of all state-rooms from the dangerous contiguity of boilers. The jury, after spending a whole night in deliberation, gave the plaintiff a verdict for twenty thousand dollars. We must confess that the verdict astonished us. Human life has been held at so cheap a rate in this country that we never expected to see the day when a jury would award that sum for any injury that could befall a man. We rejoice in it as the sign of the dawn of a better era, when the accursed thirst of gold will itself be made the weapon with which to teach men to be more careful of the bodies and lives of their fellows, and we heartily hope that the court above will not for any reason set aside the verdict.

#### CONSISTENCY IN JOURNALISM.

**THE NEW YORK HERALD** printed, the other day, an unusually thoughtful and well expressed article on newspaper consistency, some of the points of which, if not especially original, are worth more attention than they appear commonly to receive. It is palpably true, if not generally acknowledged, that many "party editors mean by consistency a persistence in one course, whether right or wrong, and adhering to certain political dogmas, whether applicable or not to the circumstances of the times." The usefulness of political writers, considered as public instructors, is undoubtedly much diminished by that incapacity for judicial speculation which is so apt to attend and to grow upon the pledged adherents of a particular party. Very seldom indeed does it happen that all the measures of one party are the best, and all those of another the worst, possible for the public good. Yet such is the usual external pressure that writers who are avowed advocates of either party are constrained to insist on no less; so that the public know beforehand that any proposal whatever, let its intrinsic merits be what they may, if brought forward by one party will be sweepingly and unhesitatingly condemned by the organs of the other. The public is thus accustomed to regard such a system as a matter of course, and its morality passes unquestioned, for the most part, by universal consent. It follows that when a publicist happens to possess the courage or the patriotism to defend or adopt a measure repugnant to his party he is sure to be denounced as a renegade or trimmer, and his "inconsistency" is taken for granted, without the least examination into the moral or intellectual merits of the charge. *The Herald*, in the article we have mentioned, proceeds to vindicate its position as follows:

"If we saw a party pursuing a course calculated to involve the country in civil war, we should oppose it with all our might; but if war should come in spite of our efforts, and the integrity of the country were threatened, we should go with the very party we had opposed to save the life of the nation. And this, in fact, as is well known, has been our course. The Radical press was consistent in forcing civil war and then carrying it out, and the Copperhead press was consistent in opposing the interests of the republic after war commenced. Which was most consistent as regards the welfare of the country, they or we, under the circumstances? Every right-thinking person will say *The Herald* was consistent in the proper sense of the word, and the party press inconsistent."

There is a logical force in this which people who do not like *The Herald* will be reluctant to acknowledge, but which those who can see any propriety in striving to be fair-minded men as well as consistent politicians will scarcely deny. There were thousands of Northerners who, at the outbreak of the war, were utterly opposed to the political attitude of their government, but who yet strained every nerve in the field and elsewhere to prevent that government's destruction. There are thousands who heartily advocated universal emancipation, but who now are so inconsistent as to disbelieve in the policy of universal negro suffrage. Such persons, whether they speak in private or through the press, are either taunted as backsliders, renegades, and apostates to freedom or are more gently entreated as being "inconsistent." Society encourages this species of malversation for reasons which are very easy to understand. Political power is enjoyed in this country by a great many uneducated or partly educated people who are readily impressed and persuaded—as such people always have been from time immemorial—by plausible

cries of a levelling, subversive, or revolutionary character. The rights of man, universal brotherhood, the overthrow of tyranny are specious catchwords which, often utterly unmeaning or totally inapplicable as regards the present business in hand, are always safely depended upon by those who make a profit out of popular ignorance. The multitude, in obedience to laws as old as the hills and seas, will always, up to the turning point of relief from anarchy through accepted despotism, prefer a bad government in which all have a voice to good government directed by the wiser few. Not the ostensible end of the best possible management of public affairs, but the management, good or bad, in which all have a share, is the ideal of the masses who habitually, incorrigibly, and inevitably confuse means and ends. That this should readily be taken advantage of by demagogues in a democratic country is perfectly natural; and in fact we constantly see men whose insanity it is to make themselves at all costs conspicuous going from extreme to extreme, shouting wildly to the people to follow, and spurring the people to revile and to punish all who dissent from their teachings. Sensible Americans are much ashamed of Mr. George Francis Train, and wonder that a journal of the pretensions of *The World* should be so foolish as to print his preposterous ravings; but yet Mr. Train is only the legitimate outgrowth, the ultimate fruit, of social and political conditions whose graduated products may be pointed out in other men, "leaders among the people," who are scarcely less ridiculous than himself. The lesson unconsciously taught by all these demagogues or pseudo-demagogues is clear. They teach that it is only needful to be consistent in trusting to the uttermost degree the gullibility and blindness of the crowd, not only to establish a conspicuous position, but also the privilege authoritatively to denounce all others as inconsistent and deserving of the party taboo who refuse to go to the furthest extremes of extravagance and folly.

The seven Republican senators who voted to acquit the President are of course, in the eyes of such instructors, very fine models of inconsistency. We are told that some negroes in Washington collected in a church lately and prayed that condign punishment from above might be meted out to those recreant legislators "who, after takin' a solemn oat', voted to acquit de prisoner." And this is just the sort of spirit and the sort of knowledge on which the demagogic spirit depends, in order to carry out its purposes! The cry for universal education and diffused intelligence, so often raised by journals advocating extreme opinions, is suicidal if not disingenuous; for if the standards of education and intelligence were really advanced among us, the whole trade and *raison d'être* of such journals would be done away with; not because their work as popular educators would have been accomplished, but because their influence and strength positively depends upon the prevalence of that ignorance which they affect to deprecate. To understand this, we have only to ask ourselves, as illustrations, how long a paper like *The Church Union* would live in our own Cambridge, or how long a paper like *The Tribune* would live in the English Oxford. Only by becoming really "inconsistent" would these sheets be able to retain their vitality; they certainly could not continue to exist by continuing to be what they are, for they live by the weakness that is without rather than by the strength that is within, and would perish if life depended upon the secretion of individuality, heroism, and independence of thought without exterior aid or countenance. Journalists on the other hand of a different type, men of catholic spirit and eclectic liberality, men who have too much self-respect to depend, for their status, upon the passions and prejudices of the ignorant, will frequently dare, like Wellington, or Peel, or Disraeli, or these same seven senators, to think and act for themselves in directions traversing or directly opposite to their former paths, thus risking the reproach of inconsistency, or even the imputation of dishonesty, for the sake of a well-established internal conviction; a conviction that is not established by arguments drawn from other men's prejudices, but from their own moral nature. On the whole it is perhaps true that what is commonly termed consistency is generally overrated, and this especially by the ignorant.

Obstinacy and party zeal get credit often for virtues when they better deserve to be stigmatized as vices. The truly progressive soul is inconsistent always in the sense of knowing more, and so being wiser to-day than yesterday. It would be well for us all if such souls were more numerous, and if a greater number of our journals were directed by them; for surely an independent and progressive, rather than a mere party and "consistent," press is the best moral and intellectual educator for the people.

#### LONDON CASINOS.\*

IT would seem, from the experience of all great cities, that a demand such as in London is supplied by the "Argyll Rooms" and the "Casino de Venise," much as we may deplore the fact, is certain to exist and certain to be gratified. Precisely similar resorts may not, in a given city, be found—there are none such in New York, for instance—or they may be suppressed when their establishment is attempted; but in their place substitutes are sure to spring up, like the extraordinary dens in the latter town whose attendant nymphs are the so-called "pretty waiter-girls;" haunts where the particular vice whose discouragement is aimed at is pandered to and stimulated in the coarsest and most flagrant way. These are not pages wherein to attempt a profound examination of what is termed the social evil, and we trust that because of citing this particular illustration we shall not be charged with seeking by implication to sanction immorality, or in any wise to apologize for it; our object is mainly to deal with facts as they are, and the general impressions they make on a passing observer, leaving others, if they will, to draw inferences which may or not agree with those which follow. Neither law nor public opinion appears to abolish the places named in London, any more than they affect similar resorts in Paris, and if their prototypes are missing in New York, no intelligent American would claim that the superior virtue of the western capital accounts for the deficiency. If a Casino de Venise existed in Broadway, it would be crowded nightly to overflowing; as it is, the population which would furnish the support of such a place is scattered through dozens of others, smaller and meaner, and as degraded and corrupting as can well be conceived. Indeed, it is the characteristic of certain forms of vice in New York to be so very unlovely as to excite surprise in a fastidious mind that so many should become their victims. This is a condition of things which the moralist might see reasons for wishing to make permanent, but of course such a perpetuation would be as impossible, humanly speaking, as to check the growth of the great city itself. New York will undoubtedly follow in the footsteps of her elder sisters, London and Paris, becoming, as she does so, a composite of both, and a consideration of what they now are—especially the one of common speech and origin—is suggestive, and may be useful even in the matter of casinos.

What, then, is a London casino? It is a place of light and mirth, of gorgeous gilding, cut glass and showy upholstery, of resonant music and perpetual dancing; a place pervaded with the rustlings of silks, the flashings of diamonds, the perfumes of Lubin, the melodies of the opera; a place crowded with beautiful women and dissipated men; a place, in a word, where every pleasure of the senses is thought of and provided for, but whose main object, understood if not openly declared, is to facilitate the promiscuous association of men and women, to afford opportunities for unhallowed intimacy between the abandoned of one sex and the vicious of the other. The description may seem too severe, and, consistently with truth, it may be somewhat qualified. We have seen many young girls at these places who struck us as being undoubtedly pure, and who had been led thither, to appearance, by the love of excitement, of dancing and music; and these were often accompanied by young men, usually, like the girls, of the humbler classes, and who also seemed innocent enough in thought and deed. In Paris, as every one knows, this class of *habitués* is in similar resorts unequivocally numerous. It cannot, however, be gain-

\* It is hardly necessary to explain that the word *casino* is used in this article in its English and not in its continental sense; although it is certainly a curious perversion—the word being the diminutive of *casa*—to apply it to such a huge establishment as that, for example, in High Holborn.



said that the atmosphere is an unhealthy one, and that the dangerous edge of things is brought so close in these haunts as to make them very unsafe. The defenders of the casino rest their case substantially upon one argument, namely, the invariable preservation of outward decorum. Those who wish to do wrong, they say, will do so in any event; to close the dancing-halls will not prevent it; why then, if respectably conducted, should not such places be tolerated, where those who are neither rich nor of definite social position can enjoy pleasures which are open in their own sphere to the more fortunate, and from which the humble are otherwise practically debarred? The argument is almost identical with the one which applies to the sale of intoxicating drinks. To shut the casino, in this view, comes under the head of that interference theory of government which so many wise and experienced thinkers find it right to condemn. It is a very delicate and difficult problem to determine how far society at large is justified in preventing people who lead habitually immoral lives from enjoying themselves. Those who take the gentler side of the discussion are commonly charged with seeking to encourage vice; very much as American free traders are charged with an unpatriotic attachment to England because they oppose the "protection" of home manufactures.

New York has no casinos nor anything quite like them; no Cremorne, no Argyll Rooms, no Mabilles, no Château des Fleurs; but let us consider what New York has in their place. At the moment this is written she has the nudest ballet and the most obscene illustrated press in the world. There has been a vast deal of talk about the interference of the authorities with the former, but nothing has come of it; the truth being that the people like such erotic diversions so very well that the government—the government of the people—cannot reasonably object to it. The horrible picture-papers, whose loathsomeness language would fail to describe, were increasing with alarming rapidity when they were checked by the hand of the law. The sale of one of these precious sheets is said to have reached 50,000 copies before the issue of the tenth number. Such is the success of open pandering to the lowest appetites of the multitude, and prostituting the press to so unworthy an object. The nature of the "cartoons" of these choice prints may readily be guessed. They almost invariably included a female figure more or less naked or exposed and in some highly suggestive attitude. Ingenuity was racked from week to week with astonishing perseverance and success to present variations of a theme which, from its restricted character, threatened monotony. The news-stands where these delectable creations of art were for sale attracted crowds of eager gazers and purchasers; and, surprising to say, decent females, who would quickly resent an immodest word or look, did not seem ashamed in all cases to examine with interest sketches only fit for the walls of a bagnio. These things, while they undoubtedly indicate a certain demoralization in the public mind, are not without some excuses which should be remembered. A polyglottous population of a highly miscellaneous, busy, and excitable character very naturally inclines with eagerness to anything in the shape of pictorial art, and where in a community, owing to peculiar conditions, the number of homes in proportion to that of individuals is small, it is not strange that such inclinations should be pushed rather far. The love for ballet and opera and picture papers and heated stories has been developing apace in New York, and at last it has grown into an almost intolerable abuse. This may partly be the effect of a reaction from Puritanism, a reaction which is producing various other phenomena in the United States which cannot here be discussed, but it arises mainly from hurry, feverishness, impatience of restraint, and the crave for sensual delights of a kind that the senses of all, whatever their speech or their ignorance, can understand.

But what has all this to do with London casinos? Just this much. It illustrates how, when a mixed and fermenting population is placed in a great city, certain proclivities or passions exist of a common type, however various their manifestation, which aggregately exert a given pressure, and which, if restrained in one direction, will find outlet in another, so that on the

whole much the same moral equilibrium is likely to be maintained, broadly speaking, in all similar places. The question is in truth a scientific as well as a moral one, and doubtless good will be done when both English and American prejudices will permit those who entertain them to recognize and act upon the fact. If there existed in New York establishments like the London casinos, it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that there would not be in the former city such an irresistible mania for indelicate ballet and lewd newspapers. It is difficult to apply to communities the principles whereby the rigid moralist would propose to govern his own household. The manysidedness of a multitude is what the judicious legislator should keep most steadily in view; and in this respect the moralist and the legislator are necessarily in some degree at cross-purposes. Such an assertion may not be altogether prudent, since the disposition to brand as apologists of vice those who entertain even the idea of regulating things which experience has shown cannot be suppressed is still widely prevalent. We are certainly not more moral in New York for the absence of Argyll Rooms or Cremorne Gardens. We have little doubt that such resorts would prove less injurious than substitutes that now fill much the same niche for New York that the casinos do for London.

#### MAGAZINE POETRY.

AS a rule magazine poetry is not of the most elevated character. The Apollo who presides over monthly literature bears only a rusty and jangling lyre, and the Pegasus who carries ambitious poetasters up the steep of the periodical Parnassus is a very spavined and broken-winded charger. Nor have we far to seek for the reason; in this, as in other things, the supply is still regulated by the demand, and the public that patronizes is responsible for that which the publisher provides. It is, indeed, an easy-going, uncritical, good-humored public, satisfied with a very moderate degree of literary merit, gifted with immense capacity for twaddle, tolerant of inferiority, impatient only of excellence. Especially in poetry is it that mediocrity appeals to all its profounder sympathies, stirs all its finer emotions. The rhymes must be of the most obvious, the metre of the most hackneyed, the language of the stiltedest, the ideas—and these the fewer the better—of the most commonplace, to win its suffrages and its subscriptions. The public that reads magazines now is the public that read annuals formerly; the same mysterious public that has borne the name and the fame of Tupper to every quarter of the habitable globe, and is at present occupied in exhausting countless editions of *Norwood*; the public that sets L. E. L. above Mrs. Browning, and compares Mr. Whitman to Mr. Carlyle; the public that considers Mr. Saxe a second Hood and has made *Kathrina* possible; the insatiate public in whose behoof and for whose benefit the hapless critic is daily deluged with oceans of metrical balderdash. This is the public for whose ear the magazine poet tunes his harp, and sings of *The Forsaken One* or chants the sorrows of *The Love Lorn Lunatic* in a way that evening papers must regard as simply sweet. The amount of versified sweetness which magazine poets contrive to evoke from their feeble lutes seems surprising till we reflect on the countless combinations which a little ingenuity may ring on carefully selected rhymes. "Love" fits quite as well with "dove" as it does with "glove," and "youth" to a properly mournful and dyspeptic temperament suggests "ruth" almost as naturally as "truth." And rhymes are after all the only things the periodical bard has to consider. His metre may be defective, his meaning may be *nil*, and his readers will never discover it so long as his verses are properly dovetailed together, so long as "bloom" and "tomb," "light" and "blight" follow each other in sweet harmonious accord. So he tunes his simple instrument and chants his simple lays, and if the voice is a trifle cracked and the fingers do drop a note here and there, his audience never know it and they all make merry together.

For some inconceivable reason certain magazine publishers have lately undertaken to interrupt this charming concord by introducing a quality of verse which, while it is much more costly, will please their readers infinitely less than the standard article. The enterprising proprietor of *Macmillan's Magazine* was the first to countenance this startling innovation by luring to his cage, with golden bait, the golden singer of *In Memoriam*,

"That did but sing because he must,  
And piped but as the linnet sings."

Whether it was that confinement operated unfavorably on his voice, or that the Laureate considerably adapted his performance to the capacity of his hearers, or that he had the publisher's instructions to make the change as gradual as possible, certain it is that his first carols must have delighted quite as much as they surprised the constituency who were already mourning the dethronement of their favorite bards. Such pearls of puerility as *The Spiteful Letter* or 1865-66, wherein he vindicated his claim to a high place in that large and influential class who are popularly estimated as not knowing enough to go in when it rains, Mr. Tupper himself might not have been ashamed to own. But once a poet has permitted himself to indulge in the reprehensible habit of writing well, he finds it hard to shake himself free from the cumbering traditions of the past, and in *The Victim*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Tennyson almost relapses into his pristine excellence. But for one circumstance this upward jump would seem to encourage the hypothesis suggested above, that Mr. Tennyson's course has been guided throughout by consideration for his readers and a laudable desire to adapt himself to circumstances, for certainly the audience he addressed from the platform of *The Atlantic*, as well as the poets its pages gave him to compete with, are as much superior to the public and poetry of *Macmillan* as—well, as Boston is superior to London. Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell are no contemptible rivals; the latter's *Commemoration Ode*, especially, his *Fitz-Adam's Story*, or, in the present number, his *June Idyl*, would scarcely suffer in comparison with anything that Mr. Tennyson has lately given us. The poetry of *The Atlantic* has always been above the average not only of American, but even of English, magazine poetry, and it is possible that Mr. Tennyson may have regarded this fact in writing for it. But one circumstance, as we have said, is against this view; the circumstance that, in the same periodical where is printed the poorest of his poems, the Laureate has recently published one that does not rank very far below his best. *Lucretius* may fairly offset *The Spiteful Letter*, and throws us back on the supposition that it has taken Mr. Tennyson this long to free himself from the influence of that malaria which seems to hang about the pages of a magazine, palsying and paralyzing the muses. Mr. Aubrey De Vere, a poet who is less known than his merit deserves, has testified to the existence of this contagion by publishing in *The Catholic World* a great many verses that will not materially enhance his reputation, and Mr. Swinburne, though with all the advantage of previous practice, has not greatly distinguished himself in this month's *Lippincott*. However, we may now not rashly hope that the Laureate is acclimated at last, and that hereafter his admirers may be spared the humiliation that fell on them with his first efforts in an unwonted sphere. And, indeed, if the movement which has brought him into periodical literature becomes general and lasting, we may also hope to see a time when magazine poetry shall not be synonymous with trash, and we shall be forced cheerfully to unsay all that in this article we have written. And surely with Mr. Tennyson in one direction and Mr. Swinburne in another, with Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, and Mr. De Vere, with Mr. Browning, perhaps, and Mr. Arnold, all bending their energies toward the same good end, it is not a chimerical faith.

This month, at least, we have much to encourage us. It is long since periodical literature has given us at once three poems so good, in their different ways, as the three which Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Lowell have contributed to the last numbers of *Macmillan's*, *Lippincott's*, and *The Atlantic*. None of them shows its author at his best—*Siena* least of all—yet each is so infinitely above what we have been in the habit of reading in magazines that we are tempted to over-estimate them from sheer enthusiasm of gratitude. Comparing them, we find *Lucretius* the most original, the most powerful, the most severely artistic; Mr. Lowell's *Idyl* the most delightful; *Siena* the most gratifying, because showing a degree and kind of progress we were hardly prepared to expect. Indeed, it is curious to observe that both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne have in their poems to a great extent modified their former styles, pruning a luxuriance of language and toning an exuberance of color which in one of them often became extravagance. The sobriety of age has had the same effect in one case as reaction from youthful excess in the other, and almost as much in *Siena* as in *Lucretius* we miss the "pomp of purple words" that charmed in *Atalanta* or *Enone*. But in place of this Mr. Tennyson gives what Mr. Swinburne is probably incapable of giving—



a strain of sustained and elevated thought, a picture sketched with strong, swift strokes, yet fine, large in conception, yet subtly delicate in detail—the drama of a high and haughty spirit struggling in a death-grapple with its own baser motions; a poem, in short, full of power and pathos, suggestive, thoughtful, imaginative, simple, direct, marred by no glittering impertinences of fancy, no obtrusive elegances of language, yet pervaded by a sombre beauty all its own, like starlight on the flying edges of a storm. It was worthy of a great poet to attempt to portray the mental tumult and torture of a pure, proud nature turned from all its quiet ways of thought and calm philosophy into the torrid paths of passion, and beset with all the loathsome solicitings of sense:

“prodigies of myriad nakednesses,  
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,  
Abominable, strangers at my hearth,  
Not welcome, harpies mingling every dish,  
The phantom husks of something foully done,  
And fleeing through the boundless universe  
And blasting the long quiet of my breast  
With animal heat and dire insanity.”

The shock of this unused discord and strife is the greater in a soul whose only conception of happiness is quiet, whose heaven is a “quiet heaven,” whose gods

“Live the great life that all our greatest fair  
Would follow, centred in eternal calm,”

or

“haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
Their sacred, everlasting calm!”

whose highest ideal of life was to live secure and calm as these:

“No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,  
No madness of ambition, avarice none:  
No larger feast than under plane or pine,  
With neighbors laid along the grass, to take  
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,  
Affirming each his own philosophy—  
Nothing to mar the sober majesties  
Of settled, sweet, epicurean life!”

whose greatest hope in death was to win that

“Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,  
Yearned after by the wisest of the wise,  
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art  
Without one pleasure and without one pain.”

To such a nature as this the riot of mutinous passions would be especially repugnant and humiliating, and Mr. Tennyson has shown the highest skill in depicting its writhings and final yielding to the fate it cannot conquer, and can only fly from into death. It was a fine stroke to make the philosopher in his self-abasement and contempt doubt if after all these promptings of the flesh were not due to innate depravity of mind, and then, revolting at the thought, summon all his wisdom to aid him:

“How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp  
These idols to herself? or do they fly,  
Now thinner and now thicker, like the flakes  
In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce  
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour  
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear  
The keepers down and throng, their rags and they,  
The basest far into that council hall  
Where sit the best and staliest of the land?”

The simile we have italicized, however, seems out of place, and more Tennysonian than Lucretian.

The space we have devoted to this fine production renders it impossible to give more than a few words to Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Lowell. Of *Siena* we have already expressed an opinion in noticing the magazine wherein it appeared, which it is only necessary to qualify by praising more fully the effort toward repose of manner of which, to us, it gives evidence. Mr. Lowell's *Idyl* is full of the light and warmth and color of the month it sings. Through its breezy cadences one catches a whiff of roses and apple blossoms, a glimpse of grassy hill-sides, wind-rippled, elm-shaded, where sleepy cattle elude the fiery dogstar, or hears, mingled with bird-songs,

“The bluff North-west  
Brim the great cup of heaven with sparkling cheer,  
And roar a lusty stave.”

The delightful mixture of philosophic musing and picturesque description in which Mr. Lowell so particularly excels he has here most deftly concocted; and nothing that he has written is to our mind much finer than this, the only passage we have room to quote:

“Under the willow often have I stretched,  
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive;  
And gathering virtue in at every pore,  
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,  
Or was transfused in something to which thought  
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,  
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained  
Became a part of the universal joy.  
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,  
Danced with the leaves; or, floating in the cloud,  
Saw its white double in the stream below;  
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,  
Dilated in the broad blue over all.  
I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,

The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,  
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air;  
The life that gladdened everything was mine.  
Was I then truly all that I beheld?  
Or is this stream of being but a glass  
Where the mind sees its visionary self,  
As when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,  
Across the river's hollow heaven below  
His picture flits—another, yet the same?  
But suddenly the sound of human voice  
Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,  
Doth on opacous cloud precipitate  
The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved  
Into an essence rarer than its own,  
And I am narrowed to myself once more.”

The poem is rich in felicities of diction such as:

“The bluebird shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence.”

Or this charming description of the willow mentioned above:

“The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he towers,  
And glints his steely aglets in the sun,  
Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom  
Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a shoal  
Of devious minnows wheel from where a pike  
Lurks balanced 'neath the lily pads, and whirl  
A rood of silver bellies to the air.”

This is not great poetry, but it is very delightful, and of a sort that it is not easy to get enough of. *Lucretius* is hard and not altogether pleasant reading; Mr. Swinburne is apt to surfeit us with splendor and adjectives; but Mr. Lowell's idyllic muse we could gladly follow through all her wanderings.

#### ANGLO-SAXON LEARNING.

##### IV.

HE who has mastered the Saxon can with ease read the literature of any subsequent period. For the English language at any given stage is Saxon modified or simplified, and nothing more. Layamon presents but few difficulties to the Saxon scholar. Robert of Gloucester still fewer to the student of Semi-Saxon. Chaucer or Spenser no difficulties to the student of previous periods. At every step the difficulties lessen, till at length they disappear altogether. But let him take the retrograde journey. The difficulties of reading Spenser intelligently are not small, even to a generally well-educated man, and as the student retreats the difficulties increase, till at length but few can be found obstinate enough to trace the literature back to its source. But we must receive things as they actually exist, without framing any Utopian theory of education. Accepting, then, for the present as a fact that all read modern literature before that of olden times, still it must be matter of curiosity to all to know what were the beginnings of English literature. It may be but the idle, gaping gaze of the hind in the galleries of the Vatican, or the slightly more intellectual smile of the amateur while viewing the first rude attempts of art; still, if the gaze of the peasant excites a love for the beauties of art, or the smile of the novice a desire to know more about the productions upon which he gazes, no one need ridicule the one or the other. So, in like manner, if curiosity should lead to an examination of Saxon writings, yet even this motive, though of a low order, is not to be despised, since it may result in something better. And the Saxon writings are capable of gratifying even sheer curiosity. They show the literature which gave pleasure to the warriors in the mead hall or the family in the ton; they bring to light the amount of science possessed by the literati of that day. They unfold the catechetical system of education generally adopted in the monastic schools, beside elucidating a variety of interesting institutions and customs which cannot fail to minister gratification to the least developed curiosity. But he can take higher ground than this. The Saxon literature possesses intrinsic merit, and is therefore capable of affording true pleasure to the highly disciplined mind which can look beneath the antique style and seize upon the poetic treasures which lie embedded in the obsolete language and verse-systems of a bygone age. Let any real lover of literature read the quaint alliterative poem *Beowulf*, and examine such passages as the deadly conflict between *Beowulf* and the Grendel, or the description of the monster's dwelling beneath the mere, or the stricken monarch's dying request to his thane after his last exploit, the slaying of the dragon, and he will be forced to admit that it “is a magnificent and accurate picture of life in the heroic ages; that it contains striking incidents grandly traced and casting strong and broad shadows,” the whole an epic poem. Or let him turn to *Cædmon's Scripture Paraphrase*, as it is erroneously called—a work of imagination founded upon the Bible, upon tradition and religious belief, but still an original poem. Let him read the description of the conduct of Adam and Eve after having eaten of the forbidden fruit, and this beautifully

touching narrative will disclose the fact that *Cædmon* is every inch a poet. Our space will not allow us to speak particularly of the prose writings of the Saxons, but they are for the most part deeply interesting and breathe forth high and noble sentiments. The student of comparative literature would find himself well repaid for any time or labor he might bestow upon the writings of our Saxon ancestors. Many a passage in the Saxon *Paradise Lost* is more beautifully told than even in Milton. Who can bear to read without displeasure Milton's coarse and repulsive description of the scene above alluded to, and who that has read the corresponding passage in *Cædmon* does not prefer the chaste simplicity of the monk of Whitby. It is interesting to compare “the Angel of Presumption” of the old poet with Milton's gigantic conception of Satan, or to note the difference of motive which impels the one or the other to cause rebellion in Heaven. Indeed, throughout the entire work of the illiterate herdsman the soft, subdued, distant music of his verse bears a strange yet striking contrast to the deep, clear, cathedral strains of the lettered though neglected secretary of the Commonwealth. But let us go a step further. The highly educated man must be conversant not only with the literature of his own country, but with that of Europe generally. Now, the first poets of Europe were the minstrels. It was their duty to relate contemporary events, and to clothe in poetry the deeds which fell under their own observation. But in addition to this they had to tell the mythic history of earlier ages. Their songs were, in consequence, carried from one court to another. These minstrel-poets had in time composed a large mass of national poetry which formed collectively a grand mythic cycle. In very early times these cycles had found their way to different countries, and after the lapse of ages were regarded as the native production of the country to which they had been carried. For in their passage from one minstrel to another these poems underwent successive changes in order to suit the particular court or people before which they were to be related. Passing from one country to another, they became altered to accord with the customs, tastes, or linguistic peculiarities of their adopted home, till at length they assumed a native form and were considered a native production. In this way it has come to pass that the *Beowulf* has been claimed by no less than three nations, the cycle of Arthurian romances by two branches of the same nation. And the legend of *Cædmon* has been ascribed to a Scandinavian, Thorleifr. In a fragment entitled *Præfatio in Librum Antiquum Lingua Saxonica Conscriptum* it is stated that Louis the Pious, being desirous to furnish his subjects with a version of the Holy Scriptures, applied to a Saxon bard of great talent and fame. The peasant poet, entirely ignorant of his art, was instructed in a dream how to accomplish his task. Here we have the legend of *Cædmon* carried to France and interwoven with threads of French history. Hence the student of English literature, in mastering the earliest productions in his own language, is unconsciously laying a solid foundation for the mastery of European literature generally.

To the student of history, no less than to the student of literature, is the study of Anglo-Saxon of the highest importance. Any one who has ever made the attempt must be aware of the difficulty of reading the history of the past as understandingly as that of the present; it is no imaginary difficulty; it is the absence of this power that has given rise to those distorted and erroneous views which disfigure the pages of many modern historians. It is the absence of this which accounts for the ludicrously burlesque representations of historical characters which mark the acting of the modern stage. It is the absence of this which makes the study of past history dull and uninteresting. To read history understandingly, it is not only necessary to know that a certain event happened, it is also requisite to know the unseen influences of the day which gave birth to that event; in other words, the causes, of whatever kind, both mediate and immediate. But with an age that is past and gone the every-day tendencies of the times have disappeared, and men acting under the social, political, and religious influences of their own day thought and acted differently from the manner in which men think and act nowadays, when the character of the surrounding influences is changed. Hence, to read past history as if it were a present reality, it is necessary to disentangle ourselves from the toils which modern habits of thought have cast around us, to throw ourselves mentally into the past, and to seek to understand the myriad influences of a bygone age. But how is this to be accomplished? It is well to read the history of Rome in English; it is better to read it in Roman writers. It is well to read Saxon



history in the works of Turner, Kemble, Lappenberg, or Hallam; it is still better to read it in the Saxon writers themselves, and, instead of adopting the views of this or that professed historian, to form one's own opinions as the result of individual study. This is the first step toward success. But the past history of a nation cannot be fully understood apart from its literature. The writings of any given period contain the expression of the national or individual mind of that period. They explain the views of men who thought and wrote on events as actual realities, which to us are past. They enable us to think on generations long gone by thought—to enter into their hopes, their joys, their fears, or their sorrows. They unfold the every-day life of the period, so that we can almost become one with those who lived then, can understand their actions and follow the secret workings of their inmost thoughts. This is especially true with respect to the Saxon literature. We cannot stay to show the truth of this remark in particular instances; we must speak generally. The Saxon charters and laws throw sufficient light upon the Saxon social, political, and religious institutions to enable us to gain a tolerably clear insight into Saxon times. They show the rank, the rights, and the duties of the several orders of society; they disclose to us the mode in which our ancestors punished public wrongs or redressed civil injuries; they explain the constitution and jurisdiction of the several courts; they discover interesting facts respecting the tenure of land and the state of agriculture; they show the amount of authority possessed by the Church, and the religious condition of the people. The scientific and general literature, combined with legal writings, enable us to trace the general history of a Saxon from birth till death, and even to follow him for a short distance into the next world. They describe the religious or superstitious ceremonies connected with birth, baptism, marriage, and death; they explain the recreations of the age, whether in the mead hall or in the field; they contain the works used in the education of the young; they bring out the national characteristics of the time, and are throughout an exponent of the habits of thought and a guide to the secret influences of the Saxon era.

And it is equally true that the history of a nation explains its literature; for as the history cannot be understood apart from the literature, so the literature cannot be understood apart from the history. The history of a nation explains why, at any given time, a particular class of writers should arise; why we meet with historical writers at one time, writers of romance at another, theological writers at a third time; now writers of dramas, now writers of novels. The Crusades introduced into England an adventurous spirit; hence arose that craving for recitals of chivalrous deeds which characterize the Norman baron, both when living quietly in his castle, surrounded simply by his family and relatives, and on festive occasions, when the castle was the scene of gayety and preparations for the tournament. Moreover, we know that Henry II. found it politic to cultivate the friendship of a nation that, both in Brittany and Wales, might prove a dangerous neighbor, and that the name of Arthur was given to his grandson, the boy with whom Shakespeare has made us so well acquainted. These historical facts alone, if none other existed, would account for the dying out of the fame of Charlemagne and his Paladins, and explain why King Arthur and his knights gained celebrity, and why we meet with these fine old records of warriors wandering through the country in search of adventures—these romantic legends, which were so well calculated to excite the imagination and arouse the chivalric spirit of those who listened to their recital. Just so the theological writers of the sixteenth century would be an anomaly apart from the fact of a Reformation, or the rise of the modern novel of real life inexplicable apart from the political tendencies of the poor eighteenth century. And in the same manner Saxon history throws light upon many points connected with Saxon literature. Who could understand the curious jumble of pagan and Christian ideas which can be traced throughout the *Beowulf*, if history had not preserved to us the fact that the Christian Saxon of the ninth century was the descendant of the pagan Saxon of the fifth? or, to take another production, if we understand the political condition of the Saxons, the difficulties attending the traveller, the scattered position of the monasteries, the slight opportunities which existed for knowing aught that was taking place beyond the narrow limits of a hamlet, we can see why the monks should turn historians, and communicate to a national historiographer the account of all that had occurred during the year in and around their respective monasteries, thus accounting for the existence of the

*Saxon Chronicle*; we can understand the statement of Gaimar:

"Li reis Elfrid lout en demaine,  
Ferner i fist une chaine.  
Ki lire i volt bien i guardast,  
Mais de son liu nel remuast."

To the student of language, of literature, and of history this study is all-important. But it has practical bearings as well. "That no man can shine at the bar, in the senate, or in the pulpit without a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon literature, it would be ridiculous to assert. But that a strong and steady light may be reflected from this quarter on many points of the municipal and common law, the theory of our political constitution, and the internal history of our religion, no one of the present day will venture to deny." The whole fabric of our laws, indeed, ecclesiastical as well as civil, is built upon a Saxon foundation. To the lawyer who is not content with simply the practical knowledge of law requisite for the every-day business of life, but who aspires to a thorough mastery of any particular branch of his profession, a knowledge of Saxon law is as indispensable as a knowledge of Roman law. One who possesses this intimate acquaintance with his subject will not only have the personal satisfaction arising from a consciousness of superior knowledge, but will possess, in addition, a power of illustration and argument not attainable by the mere student of the *Revised Statutes*. The statesman who has clearly before his mind the history of the grand constitutional principles of his country, who can trace them back to a time when they existed only in germ, will have a broader view of the bearings of any attempt at innovation or reform, and be better entitled to an opinion upon the question than those who are prevented, by ignorance, from casting their observation beyond the narrow circumference of their own age. At the present day, too, when questions of church discipline, church doctrine, and church practice are commanding the attention of intelligent men, the laity as well as the clergy, they who can turn to the religious writings of the Saxons may gain from them a clear insight into the state of the early Anglican Church, an insight which they cannot possess who take the Tudor period as their starting point. And where is the clergyman who will not derive advantage from a perusal of the various works of piety and devotion (such, for example, as the *Saxon Psalter*) of which so many specimens are extant?

We might have adduced illustrations of the various points we have touched upon, but our space would not permit. We might have given stronger arguments in favor of a study of Anglo-Saxon, but they would have been intelligible only to those who have already made an acquaintance with the subject. We have said sufficient to show that the study is one of deep interest and usefulness to all who are not content with the ordinary superficial education of the present day.

## LEGENDS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

### TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

#### II.

WITH evident pleasure the poet lingers on this part of his story, to unfold the charms of body, manners, and accomplishments of his hero; and how he wins the hearts of all around the court by his modesty, deference, and readiness to help. One of the most charming books of the poem is that wherein the poet describes Tristan's harp-playing before the king:

"When o'er the harp his hands did roam,  
How well the harp them did become.  
They comely were, as I have read;  
No comelier hands could have been made—  
Soft and gentle, small and slight,  
And as the ermine fur so white.  
With these, on simple chords first waiting,  
He soon woke tones, by modulating,  
Strange sounding, pure, and charming.  
Then he remembered, warning,  
Ballads from the British land. . . .  
His notes to the ballad,  
His strange sounding greeting,  
He harped so sweetly, meeting  
And accompanying along,  
With sounds of strings, so well his song,  
That all the courtiers ran to hear. . . .  
Then further did play Tristan,  
And gracefully wove in the lay  
Of the lady, proud and gay,  
Of Grailand the knightly.  
This he warbled so lightly,  
And harped so sweet and cheery,  
The British legend merry,  
That many a one there stood and sat  
Who listening, his own name forgot.  
Then, began these hearts and hearing—  
Senseless and benumbed appearing—  
To stumble in their duty;  
And thoughts of strange beauty,  
Curious thoughts were brought to day."

While Tristan thus grows up the general favorite of King Mark's court, Rual li foitenant travels through

foreign countries in search of him, and finally discovers him at Tintajol. He discloses to King Mark his relationship to Tristan, and the king rejoices that he has found in his nephew a worthy inheritor of the British throne. Tristan is elevated to knighthood, and the description of the ceremonies attendant upon this occasion gives the poet occasion to invoke for himself the talent of his fellow-poets. He in this invocation cites Hartman, Von Sleinach, Von Waldeck, and Walter von der Vogelwerde, and improves the opportunity to indulge in a rather bitter invective against Wolfram von Eschenbach. To characterize Gottfried as artist, we translate a passage:

"Sir Hartman of Auware,  
Ah, me! how he his story,  
Both inwardly and outwardly,  
With thoughts and words equally  
Doth color and embellish.  
How his speech doth relish,  
And hit th' adventure's meaning:  
How clear and bright from the beginning  
His crystal words are, and remain  
So to the end, devoid of stain.  
With courteous manners they draw near,  
And, coaxing, make themselves so dear  
And beloved to every mind:  
All who are inclined  
To take good speech in good part  
Must confess that Hartman's art  
Well merits wreath and laurel branch.  
But he who like a hare would launch  
On the word-heath and wood,  
And high leaps and curious food  
With dice-words hunt, and hasten,  
Not asking other men, to fasten  
The laurel wreath upon his brow,  
Let him not spurn our votes now.  
Such men, who always wander  
And tell wild tales and slander,  
Who with their chains do clatter,  
And all our senses scatter—  
Such hunters their wild stories  
Must with long commentaries  
At all times accompany.  
For understood these cannot be,  
As we read or hear them read.  
Now, wise men hold it very bad  
When their time must waste be  
Hunting in the glossary."

Having been knighted, Tristan asks and obtains leave to return with Rual to Parmentia, to redeem his lands from duke Morgan and to avenge the death of his parents. Before Tristan leaves, however, Mark publicly declares his intention never to marry, and to appoint Tristan his successor to the British throne. Not the shadow of a future collision between uncle and nephew is as yet made visible by the poet, and the whole first part of the poem forms thus a delightful contrast to the second.

Tristan succeeds both in reconquering his lands and killing duke Morgan. The lands he relinquishes to Rual li foitenant for his faithful services; and, having settled all his affairs in Parmentia, he returns to King Mark's court.

Upon his arrival he finds the whole land in consternation. Morold, a messenger from the King of Ireland, has arrived to claim the usual tribute of thirty fair male children. Years ago Gurnum, an adventurer from Africa, "as history tells," having obtained leave from the Roman Senate to conquer any foreign country, subject only to annual tributes, had seized upon unlucky Ireland. Having fixed himself upon the Irish throne, chiefly through the assistance of Morold, a famous Irish noble, whose sister, Isolde, Gurnum had married soon after, he had made war upon England and Cornwall, then ruled by the young Mark, and had succeeded in making them tributary to him. The first year Mark was to pay three hundred marks silver; the next year three hundred marks gold; but the fourth year he was to deliver to Gurnum thirty fair male children, whom Gurnum, on his part, sent with others to Rome as his tribute.

The indignant Tristan protests loudly against the payment of such a tribute, and after much debate succeeds in engaging Morold to stake the question upon a mortal combat between them both. In this combat Tristan succeeds in killing Morold, but previously Morold has inflicted a heavy sword-stroke on Tristan's thigh, and told him to prepare for death now, since his wound bears a poison which only Morold's sister Isolde, Queen of Ireland, can cure. Morold's corpse is sent home to Ireland, and Tristan taken to his disconsolate uncle's palace.

Slowly the poison spreads over Tristan's body, changing the whiteness of his skin into ugly yellow, reducing his whole frame to a skeleton, and, worse than all, causing an insupportable smell to arise from the wound. In this distress he recalls Morold's words concerning Isolde, celebrated indeed all over England for her beauty and wisdom, and of whom all women say:

"The wise Isolde, the comely Isolde,  
She glows as glows the morning's gold."

Reluctantly King Mark acquiesces in Tristan's proposal to proceed to Ireland and seek the cure of Isolde. Secretly, and taking along with him nothing but his harp, Tristan, with a few companions, proceeds in two boats to Develin, the capital of Ireland. When they approach the harbor he orders them to wait for nightfall. As it gets dark Tristan wraps himself in an old cloak, grasps his harp, and commands the men to place him in one of the boats and with the other to return to King Mark. They obey; and that whole night long the little boat with the deathly sick minstrel knight is rocked by the waves of Develin bay. Early in the morning the fishermen of Develin notice the helpless boat drifting, but are checked in their preparations to capture it by hearing suddenly tones of a harp, sweetly swelling, arising from it, in which soon mingles the voice of a man gently appealing. So entranced are they that they forget to row, but Tristan's forces soon giving way, the music ceases and they draw nearer. Their marvel at the sight of his wretched condition is very great; and when they return with him to the city they tell everybody of the wonderful dying minstrel, and how they had heard:

"Tones of harp so very sweet,  
And with the harp a song so sweet,  
That God would gladly him assign  
A place among His choir divine."

Citizens throng from every quarter to hear the wonderful minstrel. They give him a lodging, procure him a physician, and in all manners attend to his comfort. One of these visitors is a priest, teacher to Princess Isolde, daughter to Queen Isolde. He tells the queen of the marvellous harper; and female curiosity and pity conspire to have Tristan brought into the palace of the woman whose husband he has killed, and who, nevertheless, is the only person on earth able to cure him. He gives his name as Tantris, and the queen, immediately perceiving the nature of his disease, undertakes to cure him. In return for this kindness he agrees to instruct the young Isolde in harp-playing and other studies. She succeeds quite as wonderfully as he is restored to health; but not a sign of attachment between the two is manifested. Hence, when Tristan finally takes leave of Ireland and returns to King Mark's court, where he causes much entertainment by narrating how his mortal enemy cured him, he describes the beauty of the younger Isolde in quite an objective manner:

"The maid Isolde no praise can raise;  
Whate'er the world of beauty says  
Is empty speech, applied to her.  
Isolde, the glowing, is so clear,  
So fair of body and of mien,  
No maid or boy has ever been  
So lovely and so full of glow,  
Nor ever will be born, I trow.  
The brilliant, pure, and bright Isolde  
Is purer than Arabic gold. . . .  
From ancient faith I me must wean:  
The sun does not come from Mycene;  
For beauty's fulness never rose  
On Greece; 'tis here its glory shows"

At his return Tristan is soon made aware that his absence has raised him enemies. Envious at the good fortune which seems to cling to him in all his undertakings, a strong party of courtiers is being organized in hostile opposition to him. This party urges King Mark to marry, thinking thus to prevent Tristan's succession; but the king bravely refuses. It is only when Tristan, with proud unselfishness, joins in this entreaty, and adds the threat of self-banishment, that Mark reluctantly yields, solemnly throwing all the responsibility of his foolish concession upon Tristan. A council being held to determine who may be worthy to sit upon the English throne, the unanimous choice falls upon Isolde; and Mark all the more eagerly seizes the suggestion as he considers it impossible to get any one to undertake the risky adventure of asking the hand of Isolde from wild King Gurnum. But the courtiers have made their calculation precisely with a view to this difficulty, and suggest that Tristan is the proper knight to engage in this enterprise. Mark again makes violent opposition, but it is again Tristan who hurries on his own fate by volunteering to go and fetch Isolde.

In the disguise of a merchant he once again proceeds to Develin, and through judicious presents obtains permission of temporary residence. He has now leisure to perfect the plan which had led him to undertake his hazardous enterprise, which plan is to kill the great dragon that infests the country, and to the successful killer whereof King Gurnum has years since promised his daughter. Tristan, after a terrific combat, succeeds in killing the dragon. He cuts out its tongue as a token of victory, puts it in his breast-pocket, and retires to rest under a neighboring tree. But the fume of the dragon's tongue rises to his head and plunges him into a deep and fatal swoon. While

he is in this swoon a courtier of Gurnum's court, deeply enamored of Isolde, approaches the place and, finding the dragon happily killed, hurries to cut off the whole head in order to prove himself thereby victor and thus to obtain Isolde's hand. But Isolde hates him, and, suspecting some fraud, visits, in company with her mother, the spot where the dragon has been slain. Here she finds Tristan. He is at once recognized as Tantris, the harp-player, and the dragon's tongue being found and removed, is relieved from its baneful influence and taken to the queen's palace.

For the second time the woman whose husband he has killed rescues him from death. He narrates the whole fight with the dragon, and undertakes to prevent Isolde's marriage to the cowardly braggart by proving him a liar in mortal combat. Thus interested in his welfare, the ladies pay all possible attention to him. But one day as the younger Isolde is cleaning his sword she notices a small piece missing in its edge. Now, when the body of Morold had been brought back to Ireland, Queen Isolde had extracted from her dead husband's wound a small piece of steel which she had carefully preserved ever since in a casket. The young princess, musing upon the missing edge-piece, suddenly remembers this piece from her father's wound. Pale as death, she endeavors to recall the name of her father's opponent at King Mark's court: Tristan. But this harper's name is Tantris. Tristan, Tantris; Tantris, Tristan; there can be no doubt. She seizes the sword and rushes upon the astonished Tristan, who is taking his usual bath. The queen, hearing the tumult, rushes in just in time to prevent Isolde from killing Tristan. The whole story is now told by Tristan.

Mother and daughter then consult what to do. The daughter votes to kill Tristan, but the mother to forgive; and the faithful servant, Brangaene, Isolde's waiting-maid, by joining the resolve of the mother, decides Tristan's fate. He is forgiven and has now opportunity to plead King Mark's suit, which seems to all parties to offer a happy settlement of complicated relations. The victory over the lying claimant to Isolde's hand is easily achieved by Tristan, and happy and honored he leaves with young Isolde for Mark's court. But excessive caution has meanwhile prepared the now approaching catastrophe. The Queen Isolde, fearful lest her daughter's marriage may not be happy from want of mutual love, entrusts to the faithful Brangaene a love-potion, with strict instruction to give it to King Mark and the Princess Isolde, but to them only.

The ship leaves. Isolde, during the voyage, shows rather aversion than love for Tristan. She shudders at his very approach, and cannot bear his sight. His behavior is gentle and quiet. Thus time passes until on an unfortunate day, while Brangaene is absent, Isolde asking for a drink, a maid hands her the philter. She drinks it, thinking it wine, and hands it to Tristan. While he is yet drinking, Brangaene rushes into the room, takes the glass from him, and throws it into the sea. But in vain are all lamentations now; the passion of love has entered their hearts, not to leave them until death.

In no story of first awakening love is the growth of this passion described with more exquisite beauty and psychological truth than in this portion of the poem of Tristan and Isolde. In vain does he struggle against knightly honor and manly faithfulness, in vain she against hatred and modesty. On one occasion,

"Alas!" Isolde said, "that I  
Neglected chance and my just wrath,  
And did not kill you in the bath.  
O God! what did I possess me so?  
Had I known then what now I know,  
Your death it had been verily."  
"But why, my sweet Isolde?" said he;  
"What worries you, what is't you know?"  
"Yea, what I know, that is my woe,  
What I see that worries me.  
The sky doth plague me and the sea;  
Life and body cause me fear."  
With that she forward bent and near  
With a bow 'gainst him 'gan to lean.  
Thus did their boldness first begin.  
Her eyes, mirror clear and holy,  
Seemed to gather water slowly;  
Her heart began bounding,  
Her sweetest mouth rounding;  
Her head drooped on her shoulder.  
Then her friend again to hold her,  
With his arms drew nearer,  
Yet clasped he her not dearer  
Than she to stranger might have yielded.  
Softly and sweetly he pleaded:  
"O sweet lady! let me know,  
Why worry, why complain you so?"  
The shuttlecock of love, Isolde:  
"L'ameir," said she, "my woe I hold,  
L'ameir oppresses thus my heart,  
It is L'ameir that makes me smart."  
When she L'ameir so often said,

He also to reflect essayed,  
And anxiously to glean  
What the little word might mean.  
Then the remembrance came:  
Ameir stood for love's name;  
Ameir for bitter, la mer for sea:  
A herd of meanings there seemed to be.  
He overlooked one of the three,  
And but of two made enquiry:  
Love alone concealing,  
The ruler of their feeling,  
Their comfort, their desire and yoke,  
And but of sea and bitter spoke.  
"I fear me," said he, "sweet Isolde,  
That sea and fog in dread you hold;  
That sea and wet winds cause you fear;  
'Tis they are bitter to you here."  
"By no means, sir; why say ye so?  
Of both, faith, neither gives me woe.  
Me worries neither sea nor air,  
My only suffering is L'ameir."  
When on the word's track he thus came,  
As being love's sweet foreign name,  
He whispered her quite secretly,  
"Faith, sweet one, 'tis the same with me.  
L'ameir and you my woe I hold;  
Sweet hearts' ruler, dear Isolde,  
You and your love alone  
My senses one by one  
Have sore confused and shaken:  
From honor's path I have been taken  
So forcibly, so far astray,  
I never more shall find my way.  
Me worryeth and annoyeth,  
Me loatheth and annoyeth,  
Whate'er meets my glance,  
In all this world's vast expanse,  
My heart holds nothing dear but thee!"  
Isolde said: "Sir, so is't with me."

#### MY ACRE.

I HAD an acre fenced around—  
A little modest piece of ground  
My father gave me, and I made  
Shift, day by day, with plough and spade—  
Working while others danced and played—  
To cultivate my acre.

I sowed my seed—a little store:  
So little—but I had no more.  
"This is not borrowed, but my own,"  
I said, "and when the hours have flown  
The harvest will be mine alone—  
The grain reaped on my acre."

Then came the snow, and winter's cold;  
The stormy winds like cannon rolled,  
For four long years—and in that blast,  
That iron hail that hurtled past,  
The stoutest trees fell thick and fast  
Around my little acre.

But nothing harmed it. Spring-time came:  
On every side, like yellow flame,  
Blazed buttercups; and early buds  
Made pictures in the laughing woods;  
Birds sang, I heard the noise of floods  
Around my smiling acre.

The rich rode by in chariots fine,  
Going—why not?—to drink their wine.  
"What harm," I said, "in being gay,  
In laughing the bright hours away?  
I'll idle thus, perchance, some day,  
When I have reaped my acre!"

A blushing girl and boy passed by;  
That picture made me smile and sigh!  
"I have not time to love," I said,  
"But some day I may find a maid;  
Who knows? Perhaps I too may wed,  
And live here on my acre!"

Then came good friends with covert smile,  
They leaned upon my fence the while,  
And laughed. "Your land is worthless, friend;  
Long since exhausted! To no end  
Above this barren soil you bend,  
The poor soil of this acre!"

I smiled, and hoped on as before:  
My good friends sneered, and said no more,  
Looking upon me with disdain.  
But soon my little field of grain  
Laughed in the flashing summer rain  
Falling upon my acre.

I reaped—and now my grain is bread:  
I and my household all are fed!  
I have enough, and those who eat  
My bread declare it light and sweet—  
My modest bread made of the wheat  
Cut from my little acre.

'Tis not ambrosia. Few indeed  
Know where to find that costly seed.  
Shakespeare and Dante knew—but I?  
Ah, well-a-day! the years flit by,  
I cannot find it, and I sigh—  
Toiling upon my acre.



I sigh—then smile. Why should I pine  
Because my grain is not divine?  
I pass. Who but the higher powers  
Harness their names to all the hours?  
They speak—the earth is bright with flowers:  
I till, with pain, my acre.

Alas! I am so little! Yet  
Above me, too, the rainbow set  
In heaven bends. The winds sing clear,  
Clouds float, birds twitter through the year!  
For me, no less, the spring is here  
Laughing above my acre.

And evermore the sun and rain  
Bring me my little crop of grain,  
Or more or less, as heaven sends.  
I owe no man—have faithful friends:  
More!—one to whom my whole life tends,  
Queen of my royal acre!

Come, friend! my door is open wide:  
Here is my hand and heart. My pride  
Is that I earn the bread I eat—  
That only at His holy feet  
I kneel, whose smile, like sunshine sweet,  
Lights up my little acre.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

MILLWOOD, VIRGINIA.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

### VULGARISMS.\*

VERBAL criticism has somehow of late engrossed so much space in *The Round Table* that it is with some reluctance we give much more to the examination of any book of it which cannot show good claims upon our readers' attention. Under such a scrutiny the little work before us breaks down entirely. It is written with a plodding accuracy that admits no serious blunders while it censures many. But it is so entirely destitute of neatness or originality of treatment, what it says is so perfectly obvious and so utterly needless to be said, and has moreover in almost every instance been said within a few months, and with so much more force, by Mr. Moon or Mr. Gould or even by Dean Alford, that we should be tampering with our readers' and our own patience if we stopped long upon the passages we have marked on nearly every page. In general, one makes his way quite placidly through a succession of sufficiently respectable though immature commonplaces, and only comes upon one indication of individuality, which manifests itself in an excessively disagreeable manner in what might reasonably be taken for the last of the chapters alluded to on the title-page, were there not another so labelled as to mark its own identity, while, for that matter, so is the chapter in question.

Language after all—unless for one who follows Talleyrand in using it for the concealment of thought, and cannot therefore be too solicitous as to its construction—is but the raiment necessary to make thought produceable, and excessive attention to it, a minute and nervous scrutiny that betokens fidgety apprehension lest something may be wrong, is as infallible evidence of foppishness, so far as the mind is concerned, as prolonged prinking before a looking-glass is with respect to the body. Nevertheless, as a book of this sort, like manuals of etiquette, always influences a class of persons who cannot rely upon their own instincts of taste and propriety, it ought at least to be free from mistakes. Beside his unvarying shortcoming in the employment of a shambling, ungainly style in a work which especially demands a clear and simple one, our anonymous author frequently lapses not merely into inexactnesses, but into downright blunders. He has, for instance, a chapter on the employment of superfluous negatives, yet we find repeatedly throughout the book such meaningless phrases as, "How often do we not hear her introduce it" (p. 19), "How often is not this propriety ignored" (p. 175). Again (p. 30), when objecting to the use by newspapers of French words because they "are wrong in print," he defends the compositors by saying that "the writers always correct their 'proofs,'"—which, evidently enough, is precisely what they fail to do. So, in the course of some very just remarks on the detestable, yet rapidly-increasing, vulgarity of contracting words—viz.: *gents*, *pants*, *kids*—in which, by-the-way, after speaking in suitable terms of *shimmy*, he undertakes to "forestall the captious critic by remarking that he is well aware of the word's not being

used in public," yet "that it matters not, inasmuch as the language of the refined is not laid aside in private," thus opening a suggestive, if somewhat delicate, field for speculation how he (*he* says "he") can have become acquainted with a word not used in public and not by the refined in private!—among such words at any rate comes *rubbers*, for which he admits some justification by reason of the length of *india-rubber shoes* and *gum-elastic shoes*, whereupon he adds that "there is no excuse for contracting the present name, *gum shoes*," into *gums*,"—just as if both *gum shoes* or *gums* were not essentially provincial and therefore vulgar, an unmistakable shibboleth that reveals the Philadelphian. But one further example of this more than inexact style of assertion. In the best of his chapters, one treating of pretentious words, he dwells chiefly upon the misuse of *gentleman* and *lady*, urging very justly, but with his usual eccentric employment of commas, that "the indiscriminating use of the terms . . . has so prostituted them, that even in cases where they might with propriety be used, they are often shunned by the refined." One example of misapplication is thus put (p. 41): "Were one to say of a certain person, 'She is a well-dressed lady,' the expression would imply that ladies may not be well-dressed; which is not a fact, taste in dress being a characteristic of a lady,"—all which is true in a sense, yet we have known an instance, we are sorry to say, of a lady anything but well-dressed, almost in rags in fact, yet with the evidences of culture and gentle blood as unmistakable as if she sat in her carriage; our author, we are convinced, would not deny her the title. On the other hand, he quotes from a boarding-house advertisement for "two respectable young ladies," and ejaculates, "As if ladies could be other than respectable!"—to which one might rejoine, As if *lady* implied the possession of moral, and not merely of social, attributes, whereas respectability, in its own degree, involves both. Ninon de l'Enclos, for instance, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu could scarcely be denied the title of lady, yet as to their respectability one need be chary of his endorsement.

But our complaint, after all, is not so much against what our author has done wrongly as it is against his selection of topics on which to speak and on which to be silent; less that he has done those things which he ought not to have done than that he has left undone those things which he ought to have done, and has busied himself in knocking down men of straw and carrying coals to Newcastle. Thus, a whole chapter (x.), after commencing with the statement that "persons incapable of saying *I done* or *I seen* do say *I have saw*," is devoted to the demolition of *I see* for *I saw*, *I come* for *I came*, *has began*, *were drank*, *plead for pleaded*, and *had ought to* and *hadn't ought to*. Throughout the book print is wasted in the same way; we are gravely informed that "*I had just as livs* is vulgar;" that it is "incorrect" to employ *balance* for *remainder*, *extra*, *A No. 1*, *tasty*, and other like phrases from the lingo of the shop; and considerable pains are taken to show the impropriety of *between you and I* and *you was*—the two phrases which are, perhaps, the most certain to crop out of the speech of half-bred persons, however on their guard, and whose testimony as to the substratum of cultivation is absolutely final. In the matter of pronunciation the selections are equally judicious—*début* and *deux temps*, we are told, should not be called "*de-but*" and "*dew-ton*," but "*day-bu*" and "*durh tough*," whatever that may be; so we are cautioned against calling tomatoes *to-mats* or *to-mat-esses*, or a watermelon a *war-ter-mil-yun*! In this list of superfluities we should have included instructions that *duty* is not pronounced *doo-ty* nor *ju-ty*, were it not that in a prolonged controversy respecting the word between our daily contemporaries *The Sun* and *The Commercial Advertiser*, the latter has given in its adherence to *dooty*, boldly avowing its inability to grasp the conception of a third pronunciation, and thus affording clear verification of Dr. Holmes's position that

"No quondam rustic can enunciate *vieu*."

Atrocities like these ought of course to be crushed if it were possible, if there were any chance that people addicted to them could be made to read a book on the subject; but our complaint against the writer is that while he remorselessly assails such wretched friendless words, in whose behalf no defender can arise, he avoids any collision with the many that have already the sanction of quasi-respectable journals and speakers and really seem likely to get a foothold in the language. He has no word of censure, for example, for so-called or boasted or high-toned *gentleman*—phrases which have been put to such base uses as to swamp whatever respectability they may originally have had; or for *donate* and *eventuate* and the long string of similar

newspaper abominations; none for the use of *demean* in the sense of *debase*, *degrade*, about which we thought Mr. Gould needlessly apprehensive until we found it in Mr. Trollope's pages, in Miss Ingelow's last volume, in the writings of several educated English persons, among them, we think, Miss Oliphant—so that the word is really formidable. Then, too, there is no declaration of hostility toward such words as *reliable* for *trustworthy*, based for founded, which are usually on the *index expurgatorius* of a good writer, but the latter of which we find repeatedly in the book itself. There is nothing about the vile importations of uneducated clergymen and religious journals—such execrable coinages as *disfellowship* (given by the last edition of *Webster*, alone among dictionaries, and justified there by this quotation from *The Freewill Baptist Quarterly* (?): "An attempt to *disfellowship* an evil, but to *fellowship* the evil-doer"), and which we have lately with horror seen making its way into the columns not merely of such organs of the evangelical slums as *The Church Union* and *Zion's Herald*, but of reputable sheets that address an educated clientele, such as *The New York Observer*, which used *disfellowship* the other day in a leading article. It is in this pusillanimity, which evades conflict with every really formidable enemy, which declines to give the name of the newspapers to which his vulgarisms are frequently attributed, that we find the most displeasing feature of our author's work.

In fine, the book has no *raison d'être*. In his apology for its existence the author mentions his idea "that the work might prove suggestive to other writers to occupy the same field"—which Heaven forbid!—evidently believing, with a backwoods religious journal in which we lately read a defence of the small colleges on the ground that if one college was a good thing it logically followed that the more we had of them the better. The fact is that every badly-done piece of work is reprehensible not only for its immediate demoralizing influence, but still more because it diverts those who happen upon it from availing themselves of the aid of skilful workmen and giving to faithful labor the encouragement to which it is entitled. Furthermore, we cannot see that it is likely to be of any possible good. People capable of the verbal crimes here exposed, will be, in the first place incapable of realizing their criminality, and next of remembering, much more of applying, a code into whose principles they cannot possibly get any insight. We are really very sorry for our author's "persons [who], although they have not enjoyed advantages early in life, have, through merit combined with the unrivalled opportunities which this country presents, risen to station in society." We are still more sorry for their friends. But it is anything but a kindness to inspire them with the notion of trying at a late day to conceal with hastily applied varnish the coarser texture below,—Mrs. Boffin is an infinitely preferable companion to Mrs. Potiphar; and such people had better make their inevitable exposures all innocently than with the painful consciousness that must be involved by eating of the tree of grammatical good and evil. Their utmost efforts could only serve to suppress this or that particular atrocity, leaving others to spring up with redoubled vigor, as from an asparagus bed. The truth may not be comfortable of acceptance, but it is nevertheless a truth, that one who has not acquired, by example and association rather than by precept, the habits of correct speech and tone in childhood can never master them, and the effort will only make his own life and that of those about him grievous. There may be hope for his great-grandchildren, under favorable circumstances even for his grandchildren, but none for him.

### FAIRFAX.\*

THE task of transporting the reader into the atmosphere of bygone times and awakening in his mind an interest for topics which fill no space in modern novels, and are not in sympathy with the present advanced—we might say restless—condition of the human mind, is one requiring that extreme care and discrimination, that intimate acquaintance with the principal events of the period, and just appreciation of the spirit of the age about which he writes, which Mr. Cooke has shown himself to possess. He has endeavored to represent his characters as they lived and acted and were known in their own times, not as they might be looked upon by those whose minds are disciplined by the study of history in its recent and more philosophical aspect, or those who, living in a more advanced social condition, have ceased to have

\* *Vulgarisms and Other Errors of Speech; including a Chapter on Taste, and one containing examples of Bad Taste.* Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. 1868.

\* *Fairfax; or, The Master of Greenway Court: a Chronicle of the Valley of the Shenandoah.* By John Esten Cooke. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.



that admiration, amounting almost to reverence, felt by our forefathers for the personages more or less involved in the great drama of the Revolution, from whom many around us claim honorable descent. It is, however, rather with the period immediately preceding the independence of the colonies that the author has to deal; and there is an air of remarkable reality about these individuals, each of whom, as the story progresses, develops gradually and fills with color and life the outlines which are distinctly but slightly traced. With the name of Lord Fairfax the reader of history is, of course, familiar, through the pages of Washington's biographers, from whom we learn that the future hero was, at the age of seventeen, appointed by the master of Greenway Court the surveyor of his vast estates, embracing twenty-one large counties in Virginia, in which state he was the largest land-owner, and only approached in wealth by the President of the Council, the well known Colonel Robert Carter, whose great possessions earned for him the sobriquet of "King Carter." Lord Fairfax did not, like some of the nobles who established themselves in this country in England's troubled days, come to Virginia as a political exile, but as the inheritor of an almost princely domain, the division and disposal of which he desired personally to superintend. A graduate of Oxford, the friend of Bolingbroke and Addison, himself a contributor to *The Spectator* in its palmy days, Lord Fairfax was endowed with that intellectual superiority which springs from high culture and taste, and the innate nobility of his nature rendered him incapable of intrigue or suspicion, while his high sense of honor, united to great personal courage, made him as quick to resent an injury as he was frank and generous in acknowledging an error. These qualities the author has judiciously taken advantage of in the forty-eighth and succeeding chapters, while the gallant and courtly manners toward women for which this nobleman was distinguished, and his genial intercourse with men, appear throughout the whole story. Although he is represented as being easy, and even familiar, with his inferiors, he never lost the hereditary habit of command, and that consciousness of his own importance which rendered him ever mindful that in claiming respect from others a man must show that he respects himself.

Although all the principal facts of the story are drawn from historic records, they are so nicely blended with fiction—the truthful and the imaginative so cleverly worked up together—there is such a seeming reality about the whole story, that we scarcely pause to consider which of the two elements preponderates. In the first chapter we meet with one of the best characters in the book, the bluff soldier, Captain Julius Wagner, who for fighting, swearing, eating, drinking, and hating Indians appears to be unrivalled. He was one of those gigantic, burly old fighting men who seem to have died out with the last century; men who impressed the beholder with a sense of power; who, though strong adherents and hearty haters, seemed yet to defy enmity and invite confidence. The captain is accompanied by a young man named George, who plays an interesting but not prominent part in the story, and as they approach Greenway Court, whither they are bound, they encounter the hero, one Mr. Falconbridge, an admirable specimen of the youth of that day—when young men had not learned to affect an air of amiable cynicism which damps their ardor and renders them incapable of manly exertion, nor acquired the fashionable and benumbing theory that nothing in life is worth the trouble which it costs. Lord Fairfax is absent on a hunting excursion when his guests arrive, and they find on entering his mansion two other visitors likewise waiting for him, Mr. Argal and a very beautiful girl, his daughter, by whom Falconbridge becomes at once greatly attracted, much to the discontent of Captain Wagner, who evidently does not admire the lady. The captain, however, is by no means a woman-hater; on the contrary, he is an aspirant to the hand of a buxom widow who is not insensible to his devotion, but who, nevertheless, being very fond of dancing, indulges in the absence of her martial adorer in a mild flirtation with a diminutive Frenchman, who numbers among his other accomplishments that of playing on the fiddle. The reader must enter into the spirit of bygone days to appreciate fully the humor of some of the scenes which take place between the widow, the Frenchman, and the captain; one in particular (the consequences of which threaten for a time to be serious) the author has described very pleasantly, at the same time never abusing the latitude which the subject affords him. The fair Mrs. Butterton is dancing a galliard to the music of Monsieur Auguste Hypolite Jambot's fiddle, at the close of which the Frenchman informs her that

she is fit to dance before majesty itself, and invites her to join him in a minuet, to which she readily consents:

"And now they approached each other in the graceful dance, bowing, smiling, and rolling their eyes—in which latter exercise we must say Monsieur Jambot very far excelled his fair friend—and the music seemed to sigh forth a species of luxurious delight. The lady, with her skirt raised with one hand, the other hand, or rather the wrist thereof, resting on her side—executed profuse bows, and so, to the triumphant fiddle of Monsieur Jambot, the dance went on its way in triumph.

"He wound up the minuet with a graceful flourish, improvised for the occasion and full of beauty; and in the excitement of the moment sank upon his knees before the fair lady, grasping her plump hand, which hand he pressed rapturously to his lips. The lady stood calmly fanning herself with her disengaged hand, and looking at her admirer with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

"The parties were arranged in this elegant and striking tableau when suddenly the widow turned abruptly, and Monsieur Jambot rose angrily, brushing his knees. These movements were caused by a very simple circumstance, a circumstance which assuredly, in the ordinary course of human events, was not calculated to overwhelm one or cause any profound astonishment. Not to keep the reader longer in ignorance, the lady and her admirer had been startled by the arrival of a third personage, and this arrival was announced by the form of words:

"Snout of the dragon! what do I see? Kneeling, or the devil fly away with me!"

"And Captain Wagner, the hoof-strokes of whose horse had been drowned by the music of the violin, stalked into the room."

The lady, after an absurd explanation, makes peace between the belligerents, and the captain is satisfied by a promise from his beloved.

Falconbridge is less happy in his love than his rough but faithful friend, who, however, warns the young man of his danger and of the panther-like nature of the woman who has fascinated him, and who is ready to cast him off upon the mere hope of winning a coronet. It is impossible to disclose more of the story without injustice to the author, who has with great tact and delicacy introduced an illustrious person, and at the same time so carefully concealed his identity that the reader is kept in ignorance until the close of the volume. Mr. Cooke is particularly happy in his delineation of certain quaint phases of life, of which the period he has selected to write about furnishes some curious examples. His descriptions of scenery are likewise very good, and his Indian characters, though neither so fantastic nor so poetical as those of Cooper, are yet very interesting, and the sad scenes which close the history are painted with a vividness which is calculated to make a deep impression. In one of the fierce conflicts with the savages, which were to the early settlers matters of frequent occurrence, Wagner has an encounter with a malignant half-breed, from which he narrowly escapes with his life. In endeavoring to parry a blow from the axe of the half-breed Wagner's sword is broken:

"Then commenced a struggle awful for its ferocity and the mortal determination of the combatants. It was a contest for life or death, and each felt that the result must be doubtful. Both were men of immense physical strength—both aroused to the last fury of passionate hatred; neither gained at first any advantage. The superior stature of Captain Wagner counted in his favor; but the deformed half-breed had trained his huge muscles, by constant exercise, until they were as hard and elastic as steel; and this more than balanced his want of height. He wrapped himself around the frame of the borderer like a deadly boa-constrictor, tightening the grasp of his crooked arms and legs and striving, it seemed, to crush the breast-bone of his adversary.

"Thus locked in a deadly embrace, the enemies made gigantic efforts to terminate the struggle. The half-breed had no arms—having discharged his pistols and dropped his knife and tomahawk in the melee. The borderer had a knife, but it was tangled in his belt, and he could not draw it until his foe was prostrate beneath him, and his own arms free from the paralyzing pressure. They staggered from side to side, stumbling and nearly falling over the dead bodies; writhing like wild animals, and uttering hoarse growls; exerting their great strength to an extent almost supernatural in the breast to breast contest for life.

"Then a new and more terrible feature was added to the struggle. Step by step they had detached themselves from the rest of the combatants, and now they found themselves rapidly approaching the ledge of rock which ran around the brink of the precipice. The borderer's back was turned to it, and he was not aware of his peril until it was almost too late to guard against it. He heard at the instant a sort of hissing growl, and a sudden and diabolical grin distorted the face of the half-breed. Breathing heavily, and gnashing his bear-like tusks, he forced his enemy toward the dizzy precipice, and suddenly, as they reached the very verge, buried his sharp teeth in the borderer's throat."

"His brain reeled. A shudder passed through his frame—and a sort of chill invaded his breast. The heart of this man, who had braved a thousand perils, who had led his men into the bloodiest gulfs of battle, who had set his life, a hundred times, upon the hazard of the die, without giving so much as a thought to the event—the heart of this stalwart soldier, who had never felt fear in the midst of any danger, now recoiled and died within him at this horrible thought—at the idea of death in a shape so hideous and revolting.

"He summoned all his remaining strength, and made a final effort to hurl from him the monster whose fangs were buried in his bleeding throat. The effort was vain. The jagged teeth clung closer still—their grip was firmer, and they gnawed at the quivering flesh with hound-like ferocity. The borderer uttered a stifled cry, and let fall his other arm, with which he had endeavored to repel his enemy. The act preserved him. The half-breed had forced his opponent to the very brink, and was about to hurl him over, when he felt a blade, keen and mortal in its stroke, enter his breast. The borderer's hand had fallen upon the knife in his belt—he had drawn it and struck. The monster's hold relaxed, the teeth clutched at his enemy's throat with a last despairing effort—and, uttering a hoarse growl, he endeavored to drag the borderer with him in his fall."

The closing chapters are short but suggestive, and the interest of the reader—which is not unmingled with sadness—continues without abatement until the close of the volume.

It is with more than ordinary satisfaction that we bear testimony to the deserved success of Mr. Cooke's

work, for among the consequences of the late war we must mention the vast influx of trashy novels from the pens of Southern people, many of whom in the absence of any fixed employment have taken to book-making; caricaturing character, exaggerating and perverting sentiment, and sometimes displaying the little learning they have acquired in schools, making a parade as empty as it is superfluous. We are therefore most glad to welcome a book which may in some measure have a counterbalancing effect.

#### DORA.\*

THAT time and experience have not been misused by the author of *Dora* is clearly shown by her present work, which is far in advance of any of her former productions. The absence of the rare talent of invention, so far as plot and incidents are concerned, is partially atoned for by the valuable gift which she possesses of conceiving and depicting original characters; of studying and analyzing motives; of scrutinizing the conduct of individuals and drawing thoughtful and reasonable conclusions. Though sometimes diffuse, she has a defined purpose in her writings, of which she never loses sight. She does not weary her readers with endless digressions, and if her writing is never vigorous, it has the merit of being free from exaggeration. She has a strong sympathy with the common interests of life, her taste is refined and womanly, but not artistic.

Dora is superior to the ordinary run of heroines, and although there is nothing precisely heroic in her conduct, yet she is so good, so conscientious and self-sacrificing, beside being cultivated and intelligent, that respect mingles with the admiration which her character awakens; both she and the hero enlist our warmest sympathies in their behalf, though we are sometimes exasperated at their persistent efforts to render themselves miserable. We first meet Dora as the loving and devoted sister of a young man whose fortune, as well as all his chances for happiness in life, are staked upon his success in the completion of a task assigned him by a querulous old uncle, who, possessing a fine estate, makes the absurd resolution of leaving it to the one of two persons who shall write the best descriptive catalogue of the curiosities he has collected. Dora devotes to helping her brother all the time which is not absolutely claimed by the requisite attention to her mother—a weak, harmless sort of person, whose only care is for her own personal comfort—and her aunt, a woman without one good impulse, fiendish in her nature, partially insane, and only ceasing to be tiresome when actively engaged in wickedness. The character of Mrs. Luan is the most original in the book, and the wonderful assiduity with which she carries out her treacherous purposes, her subtlety, self-control, and audacity, are repulsive but not overdrawn. She is a well-conceived but particularly disagreeable study. Paul's work, though creditably performed, fails to secure the estate, and his distress is further increased by the consequent necessity of relinquishing the hand of the beautiful Florence Gale, a heartless coquette who rates her beauty at too high a price to bestow it upon a poor man. Florence offers in every respect a remarkable contrast to Dora; irresistibly attractive, and gifted with some intelligence, she was conscious of her power, and lost no opportunity of asserting it; untruthful, selfish, and free from the slightest shadow of a conscience, her life was made up of incomplete stratagems and wickedly conceived plans, each one a failure in itself but productive of much misery to others. Dora, to whom in after life she caused great unhappiness, was more quick to discern her real character than was poor Paul, and her surprise and annoyance were not diminished when even her own silent but devoted cousin John succumbed to the siren's influence:

"She, too, looked after Florence, and as she looked she tried to solve a problem which puzzles many women, and the opposite of which, no doubt, perplexes many men. How is it, for instance, that girls like Florence, who have not the better and nobler part of beauty, its grand or its lovely meaning, only the white and red, or the well-shaped eye and arched brow, who have little mind, not much heart, and no more sense than wit—how is it they win, ay, and keep, men's hearts? 'Paul has never been the same to me since he saw her face,' thought Dora, with a swelling heart; 'and it is well for me I do not care for John, for he swears by her already. How does she do it?' Vexed question! How often the man of sense and sterling merit has tried to solve it, when he has seen him set put by for a coarser or a shallower fool. But Dora only thought of her own case, and she thought of it as if with a foreshadowing of what the future was to bring forth."

Paul's failure and premature death caused the family to leave Dublin for London, and, after a short residence there, reverse of fortune induced them to seek retirement and economy at Rouen, where Dora's life commenced in earnest:

"Her life was a dull life, and Dora had tasted another life than this. She had had a life full of fervor and hope with her lost brother in Ireland;

\*Dora. By Julia Kavanagh; with illustrations by Gaston Fay. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.



she had had a life of intellectual pursuits and social pleasures in London, and now she was lingering the last bright years of youth away in a French provincial town.

"It is sad to say it, but more than one half of the human species womankind is sorely troubled with that modern complaint of dullness. After all, there was some good in the olden time, when men fought and strove, and women sat at home and spun wool, and both liked it. Yes, there was a philosophy in the spindle and distaff, or in the silk and worsted, no doubt about it. When Matilda and her maidens sat down to their tapestry and worked in tent-stitch the history of the Norman conquest, they were thus saved many a trouble and many a weary hour. Of course there was sorrow in those days, and there was love too—easy, natural love, which came and went like a gentle epidemic: but we doubt it those mediæval women were haunted with the ideal, or if they made their moan because they failed to secure variety. Peace, which we prize so little, was one of their blessings. A calm and tranquil life they led in the main. Strong walls were raised, and men wore heavy armor, that these ladies might sit in quiet and work on canvas strange warriors on gaunt horses, or quaint trees with birds, never known out of fable, perched on the boughs. We have improved all that, to be sure; but then, let us not complain if we are called upon to pay the penalty of the improvement."

The quiet life of a mediæval lady was not for Dora; she set about work in earnest, and in the pursuit of artistic labor she encountered one who was to become the arbiter of her future destiny.

Richard Templemore, a widower with one interesting child (to whom Dora becomes warmly attached and who reciprocates her affection), is a finely-drawn character; his intellectual superiority, fine taste, high moral tone are not inconsistent with the weakness he displays in matters of the heart. The situation of a man bound to one woman by gratitude and to another by love—under obligations to the superior, but attracted to the inferior by an uncontrollable passion—is not uncommon in real life, and is a legitimate subject for fiction, and one which the author has treated with skill and discrimination. The book contains much that will be interesting to a large class of readers, and is well worthy of attentive perusal.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**THE BANQUET OF THEODOLUS; or, the Reunion of the Different Christian Communions.** By the late Baron de Starck, Protestant Minister and First Preacher to the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1868.—This work was published in Germany in the early part of this century, and attracted considerable attention. It was soon translated into English under the title *Philosophical Dialogues*. This translation is here reprinted, retaining the proper title of the original, in the form of a somewhat prosy dialogue, running through two long evenings; an attempt is made to show the points of agreement rather than the differences of Roman Catholics and Protestants, ending in the reflection that it is best to be on the safe side. The tendency of the discussion is to a better understanding on some points, without removing the essential differences. On page 57, note, it is said that "in 1783 the English in America formally abolished the Nicene creed and the profession of the Trinity." This, of course, is a ridiculous mistake. "The English" can here only refer to the Episcopal Church, which never abolished either "the Nicene creed" or "the profession of the Trinity." In 1786 an edition of the Prayer-book omitted the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, and modified the Prayer-book in other points. But the objections of the English bishops led to a restoration of nearly all the points, excepting the Athanasian creed.

**Lectures on the Nature of Spirit, and of Man as a Spiritual Being.** By Chauncey Giles, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. Second Edition. New York. 1867.—Mr. Giles is one of the most thoughtful and eloquent of the Swedenborgian ministers in this country. In this work he unfolds in a clear and persuasive method the general doctrines of his Church on the true idea of spirit; its relation to and contrast with matter, the spiritual body, the resurrection, and the final state in hell and heaven. He writes in a didactic rather than a polemic spirit. Even those who differ from him on the extent of the analogy between the future and the present state, will find in his discussions a profitable aid to the understanding of the real views of the New Jerusalem Church.

The Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, has published *A Week with Jesus, or Lessons learned in His Company*, by John M. Lowrie, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana. It is a series of devout meditations upon the life and words and of Jesus, setting forth his pre-eminent claims in an unaffected and earnest spirit. It is not controversial, but expository and practical.

The same board publishes an animated tale, *Oak Mott*, by Rev. Wm. M. Baker; *The Broken Window and other Stories*; and *Good-Bye Stories for Little Children*, by Harriet B. McKeever.

#### NEW MUSIC.

AMONG the many indications that the cultivation of music is daily increasing among us we may note the success attending the enterprise of Messrs. Boosey & Co., the well-known London publishers, who have recently established a branch of their business here, and who in the several numbers of their *Musical Cabinet* have made collections of the finest works of old masters, as well as many of

the most approved contemporaneous composers. We cannot too highly appreciate the facilities thus offered to us of obtaining so much that is valuable, at a price which places each volume within the reach of any one who knows his notes. The whole of Handel's great oratorio of *The Messiah*, that grand music over which time has no influence, and which is always so welcome and so attractive, is comprised in one volume. In another we have the mysterious but ever fresh and melodious opera of *Der Frieschütz*; Mozart's *Twelfth Mass* comes in the same form; and beside almost every modern opera, complete with words and music, there are piano-forte pieces, songs in all languages, numbering from twelve to fifteen in each volume, and many judiciously selected compositions of a more ambitious and learned character. Messrs. Boosey & Co. have achieved a well-earned success at home, and there is every indication that it will be as firmly established here. The importation and production of Offenbach's two charming operas has created a new era in musical taste, and has supplied arrangers and adapters with themes—infinite in novelty and variety—for the use of that very large class of persons, young ladies especially, who have no inclination to master the difficulties and discords of musical futurity, and prefer the bright and sparkling, though less scientific, harmonies of the present. To these the *Reminiscences of La Grande Duchesse*, by Albert W. Berg, and the *Souvenir*, a brilliant and effective fantasia, by Charles Wels, will afford agreeable remembrance of the pleasure which the charming opera afforded them this winter, and serve as a medium whereby they may recall the same pleasant memory to others, while Mr. Charles Fradel's easy but brilliant *Divertissement* will do them equal service for *La Belle Héène*, the *Galop* of which Mr. Baker has arranged with his usual skill and care. The songs in *La Belle Héène*, carefully arranged, have, in addition to the original words, a translation for the use of those who desire to sing them in English. *The Welcome Home*, an easy and brilliant march, is composed by Julius E. Müller in a happy vein, and justifies its name. Mr. Theodore Oesten contributes to the new music of the season a pretty little waltz for young players, called *The Heart's Conqueror*; and the more advanced performer will find in the *Pensiero* of Charles B. Lysberg one of those gems which seldom greet us under the unambitious name of a valse.

*La Fontana*, the sparkling morceau which afforded Madame Parepa such an excellent medium for the display of her peculiar powers of vocalization, has just been published with English and Italian words; though somewhat long and requiring great compass of voice and great facility of execution, its infinite variety prevents its becoming tedious, and an accomplished singer will find it well worth her while to learn it. *Recollections of Home*, by S. B. Mills. The name of the accomplished artist to whom we are indebted for this charming *caprice* is sufficient warrant for its excellence; though full of brilliant passages, it is free from those discordant surprises which are so often met with in the works of modern pianists, and amid harmonious preludes familiar airs are introduced which are pleasantly associated with home memories. The student who desires to acquire great facility on the piano will be indebted to Mr. Berens for some admirable studies<sup>14</sup> which combine the rare merit of being pleasing and harmonious as well as instructive and useful.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—The Gold Dollar. By Catharine M. Trowbridge. Pp. 119.  
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Dikes and Ditches; or, Young America in Holland and Belgium: A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Oliver Optic. Pp. 346. 1868.  
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Marrying by Lot: A Tale of the Primitive Moravians. By Charlotte B. Mortimer. Pp. ix, 405. 1868.  
What shall we Eat? A Manual for Housekeepers. Pp. 134. 1868.  
ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati.—Report of the First Meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, held at Cincinnati, February, 1868. Pp. 192. 1868.  
BLELOCK & CO., New York.—Camors; or, Life under the New Empire. From the French of Octave Feuillet. Pp. 338. 1868.  
D. & J. SADLER & CO., New York.—The Life of Saint Paul of the Cross. By the Rev. Father Pius, a Sp. Sancta Passionist. Pp. xvi, 437. 1866.  
TAGGARD & THOMPSON, Boston.—The Elements of Written Arithmetic. By James S. Eaton, M.A. Pp. 188. 1868.  
KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—The American Cyclops, the Hero of New Orleans and Spoiler of Silver Spoons. Dubbed LL D. By Pasquino. Pp. 27. 1868.

<sup>1</sup> *The Messiah*. Oratorio by George Frederick Handel. London and New York: Boosey & Co.  
<sup>2</sup> *Weber's Opera of Der Frieschütz*. Boosey & Co.  
<sup>3</sup> *Mozart's Twelfth Mass*. Boosey & Co.  
<sup>4</sup> *Reminiscences of La Grande Duchesse*. By Albert W. Berg. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.  
<sup>5</sup> *Souvenir de La Grande Duchesse*. Fantasie. By Charles Wels. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.  
<sup>6</sup> *Divertissement Galop; from La Belle Héène*. By Charles Fradel. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.  
<sup>7</sup> *La Belle Héène*. Galop. Arranged by Thomas Baker. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.  
<sup>8</sup> *Helen Blonde. Le Mari Sage. Au Cabaret du Labyrinthe. Le Rêve d'Amour*. With French and English Words. New York: Wm. Pond & Co.  
<sup>9</sup> *The Welcome Home. Grand March*. By Julius E. Müller. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.  
<sup>10</sup> *The Heart's Conqueror*. By Theodore Oesten. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.  
<sup>11</sup> *Pensiero; Valse Sentimentale*. By Charles B. Lysberg. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.  
<sup>12</sup> *La Fontana*. By Gustave Blessner. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.  
<sup>13</sup> *Recollections of Home*. By S. B. Mills. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.  
<sup>14</sup> *The Newest School of Velocity*. Studies by H. Berens. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London; THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York.—Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna. By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D. Pp. 319. 1868.  
A. ROMAN & CO., New York and San Francisco.—Aldane: A Novel. By Laura Preston. Pp. 403. 1868.  
Going to Jericho, or, Sketches of Travels in Spain and the East. By John Franklin Swift. Pp. 47. 1868.  
PAMPHLETS.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT ASSOCIATION, New York.—Meeting of Authors and Publishers, at the Rooms of the New York Historical Society, April 9, 1868, and Organization of the International Copyright Association. Pp. 46.

H. B. DURAND, New York.—Occasional Services and Prayers used by the Students of the General Theological Seminary. Pp. 24. 1868.

A Selection of Rounds, Canons, and Catches; an Aid in Teaching Reading at Sight to Boy Choirs, etc. By Henry Carter. Pp. 63. Plain Words for Non-Episcopalians. By Rev. E. M. Gushue. Pp. 15. 1868.

A. ROMAN & CO., San Francisco.—Russian and English Phrase-Book. By Agapius Honcharenko. Pp. 100.

J. H. EASTBURN, Boston.—Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital for the year 1863. Pp. 57.

NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—The Currency. By Joseph S. Ropes. Pp. 2.

HENRY W. DUTTON & SON, Boston.—The English Ancestry of Rev. John Cotton, of Boston. By H. G. Sowerby, of London. Pp. 12.

We have received Remarks upon the Public Schools of New York, by Charles Brainerd; Report of Mr. John Jay, Special Commissioner appointed to represent New York State in the Board of Managers of the National Cemetery at Antietam.

We have also received current numbers of The Workshop—New York; The Photographer—Philadelphia; The American Naturalist—Salem; The New Dominion Monthly—Montreal.

#### MUSIC.

WM. A. POND & CO., New York.—Toast.—Chanson à boire. By Eugène Ketterer.—Morceaux Brillants pour le Piano-forte. Par les Compositeurs les plus Favoris.—The Beautiful Sacred Melodies: Nearer, my God, to Thee; Jerusalem the Golden. Arranged by Brinley Richards.—Golden Chimes: Rondello for the Piano. By Franz Abt.—Sabbath Closing Hymn. Words by Fanny Crosby. Music by Mrs. J. F. Knapp.—Come out of the Wilderness: Polka Brillante for the Piano. By Henry Keeber.—Think of me at my best. Words by Geo. W. Birdseye. Music by Henry Tucker.—Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s Standard Educational Series: No. 1. White Roses.—Six Easy Pieces. Composed by Theodore Oesten. 1. In the Spring. 2. A Little Story. 3. Heart Leaflet. 4. Farewell. 5. In Summer. 6. Rural Pleasures.—La Belle Héène. Comic Opera in 3 acts. English version by George W. Birdseye. Music by J. Offenbach. Un Mari Sage. Au Cabaret du Labyrinthe.—Meet Me at Twilight To-morrow. Ballad and chorus. Words by George Cooper. Music by John B. Doniker.—Like Noah's Weary Dove. Hymn 24. Composed by W. C. Williams.—The Old Sweet Story. Words by Hua Odgers, Esq. Music by Leopold Meyer.—Somebody's Heart. Song. Words by Somebody. Music by R. Goerdeler.—Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s Standard Edition of Excellent and Approved Studies for the Piano-forte.—La Belle Héène. Fantaisie Transcription for the Piano by Alfred H. Pease.—Dolly Valse. Tilly Galop. Composed by Louis Selle.—Wm. A. Pond & Co.'s correct copy, with the additional verses. Not for Joseph, the immensely popular comic song. By Arthur Lloyd.

#### TABLE-TALK.

IRISH complaints of English neglect, and the demand in Parliament, following the recent tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Ireland, for a royal residence in the sister island, have set *The Times* to accounting for a lack of interest which is undeniable. In the matter of royal visits the neglect has been pronounced. Since William III., says *The Times*, if indeed his Irish campaign can be called a visit, no English monarch has set foot on the island except George IV. and her present Majesty. Upon an accurate computation by Ulster King-at-Arms, it has been discovered that, in the course of one hundred and seventy years, fifteen days, in all, have been spent in Ireland by English sovereigns. The mode of accounting for it, though at first surprising, and advanced as seemingly "an outrageous paradox," is not, on the whole, unreasonable; and is decidedly worth attention by a nation so abominably practical and material as ourselves. *The Times's* paradoxical explanation is that "Ireland has never produced a patriot of genius;" and, in deference to the crowd of Irishmen it seems to hear "running through the names of their illustrious countrymen, all of them patriots and all of them men of genius," it proceeds to give this justification:

"Not to go back to the days of primitive learning, when Ireland was the home of European knowledge, the very existence of which has been doubted, Swift, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore, and many more will be cited. There is not one among them who fulfils the double qualification. Swift was a man of genius, but, as the late Mr. Thackeray declared, he was an Englishman who happened to be born in Dublin. He never refers to the peculiarities of the Irish character except to ridicule them, and his letters about Wood's halfpence were but the accidental expression of spleen excited by what he deemed neglect. Burke was a man of genius, but he was 'born for the universe.' Ireland was to him a subject of political illustration and speculation; and, though he 'narrowed his mind' to party, he never confined it within the limits of provincial patriotism. Goldsmith was a real Irishman in his faults and virtues; but, in spite of the *Deserted Village*, he never seems to have cared much about his country; while Moore, in spite of his Irish Melodies, found his greatest happiness in English society, and chose to spend his life, when free to select his own place of residence, in an inland English county."

For a long time, *The Times* goes on to say, Scotland was just as much neglected as Wales is now. "George III. was never out of England, yet he was fond of movement; he liked to visit his favorite bishop, and he went to Weymouth regularly year after year. If the Continent had been more accessible, he might not improbably have visited Hanover, yet we may be certain that he would as soon have thought of visiting Iceland as Scotland. Why should he? He may have heard that Dr. Johnson had been there and had said something of its 'prodigious fine prospects' after he came back; but Lord Bute himself could not have tempted him across the border." If, as M.P.s. urge, it were the absence of a royal residence to which the infrequency of Irish visits were due, how, it is asked, should the change have come as regards Scotland? We quote the explanation:

"When her Majesty came to the crown there was no royal residence fit to receive her in the North. There was, indeed, Holyrood, and we believe Linlithgow is in name a royal palace; but the one is about as habitable as the other. If Holyrood be deemed a royal residence, so is the castle at Dublin. Balmoral is the creation of her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, and the Queen having been graciously pleased to ad



mit her subjects to her intimacy by the publication of her works, we are enabled to trace the origin of this 'Highland home.' It has all been owing to Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter was a man of genius, and he was also a patriot, and his patriotism was in the highest degree provincial. He was a Scotchman from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. He had a real belief in Scotch one-pound notes, which may be advantageously contrasted with Swift's forced frenzy about Wood's halfpence, more especially as Swift really did understand the defects of Wood's scheme, and Sir Walter was absolutely ignorant of the currency controversy in which he engaged. Sir Walter was such a Scotchman that if his belief were probed it would have been found that he looked upon George IV. as a Scotch king who had annexed England, not as a king of England ruling also over Scotland. But Sir Walter Scott was also a man of genius, and with his genius and his intense pride in Scotland he took Europe by storm. His works have been translated into every language, and read by all nations. The Prince Consort, a person of the widest cultivation, was captivated by them, and when he became an Englishman he took the earliest opportunity to pay a pilgrimage to the scenes consecrated by the genius he admired. The 'Highland home' naturally followed, and the 'Highland home' still exercises an uncontrollable fascination. There is nothing to wonder at in all this. It is the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. The scenes among which we have spent the days when life was most susceptible of emotion, the haunts consecrated by our deepest trials, are those which allure us through all time. No royal residence in Ireland will ever wear her Majesty from the Highlands; no palace in the West will withdraw her from Balmoral."

Ireland now, *The Times* continues, is where Scotland was before Scott. "Englishmen are slow to believe in the beauties of Irish scenery, and are more impressed with the defects than the virtues of the Irish character. If some Irishman were to appear who, without whining about it, were to compel us, through his own intense sympathy with his countrymen, to sympathize with their hopes, their fears, their wrongs, and their sufferings, he would provide a royal residence in Ireland without the necessity of a Parliamentary vote." Now, it is not necessary to follow to its full length *The Times's* argument—especially to assent to its appropriation of all Irishmen whom it would like to be Englishmen, just as the genius of most of our greatest American writers has been declared to be essentially English—to see that there is a good deal of truth in it as well as a text to be amplified upon for an American audience. We need not insist upon the obvious fact that the prolonged wickedness, stupidity, and criminal apathy which have characterized English rule in Ireland—not unlike our own, we trust short-lived, dealings by the South—have been quite enough to render impossible the existence of an Irish patriot who could say things pleasant to English ears, and to make inevitable that morbid state of feeling which manifests itself in what Englishmen call a whine and Americans find intolerably monotonous and wearisome. The last thing we have any intention of doing is to get upon the Irish question, with its eternal round, always coming to the same thing—that England is to blame for a nasty state of affairs which she has best get rid of as quickly as possible, and which we would do well to take as a salutary warning. But what we desire to insist upon at present is that, even in a utilitarian aspect, no nation can afford to slight its men of genius, and to regard all interests which cannot be measured by dollars and cents with a systematic neglect that, as in our own case, is tantamount to hostility.

POSITIVISM, if we may judge from the amount of the attention that is being given to it in various quarters, and from such other signs as the regular assemblage of a congregation in New York each week, is likely to gain here the foothold it has already secured among some of the most gifted men and advanced thinkers of France and England. From Mr. C. S. Hale, one of Comte's disciples, we have two little tracts; the first, *The New Faith: a Reply to the Question, What is Your Religion?* being a concise statement of the necessity for the religion of humanity and its nature; the second finding in Comtism the hope of human progress after the explosion of "the standard dogma, Popular Sovereignty, than which no Utopia more absurd and preposterous was ever originated on this human planet since it emerged from its primitive chaos." Another follower of Comte furnishes us with a list of the works which, especially Dr. Bridges' translation of Comte's *General View*, will afford that insight into the system that many enquirers desire to gain, yet which, being all published in London, are not generally accessible here. These works are the following: I. *International Policy; Essays on the Foreign Relations of England*. II. *The West*, by Richard Congreve, M.A., chief of the English Positive School. III. *England and France*, by Frederic Harrison, M.A., fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. IV. *England and the Sea*, by E. S. Beesly, M.A., professor of History at University College, London. V. *England and India*, by E. H. Pember, M.A., late of Christ Church, Oxford. VI. *England and China*, by Dr. John H. Bridges, late fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. VII. *England and Japan*, by Charles A. Cookson, B.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. VIII. *England and the Uncivilized Communities*, by Henry Dix Hutton, Barrister at Law, Dublin. (Chapman & Hall.)—2d. *A General View of Positivism*, translated from the French of Auguste Comte by Dr. John H. Bridges. In six systematic essays. I. *Intellectual Character of Positivism*. II. *Social Aspect of Positivism*. III. *Action of Positivism upon the Working Classes*. IV. *Influence of Positivism upon Women*. V. *Relation of Positivism to Art*. VI. *Religion of Humanity*. (Trübner & Co.)—3d. *France under Richelieu and Colbert*, by Dr. John H. Bridges. (Trübner & Co.)—4th. *The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine*, a pamphlet addressed to John Stuart Mill, M.P., in reply to his strictures on Comte's later writings. By Dr. John H. Bridges. (Trübner & Co.)—5th. *The Meaning of History*; two Lectures. I. *The Use of History*. II. *The Connection of History*. By Frederic Harrison, M.A. (Trübner & Co.)—6th. *The New Religion in its*

*Attitude toward the Old. The Propagation of the Religion of Humanity*. Two Sermons by Richard Congreve, M.A. (Trübner & Co.)—7th. *An Outline of the Positive Religion of Humanity*, by F. B. Barton, B.A. (E. Truelove.)

THE REV. DR. ISAAC M. WISE, editor of *The Israelite* and rabbi of the Temple at Cincinnati, has just completed a work, to be published immediately, which can scarcely be less interesting to Christians than to his fellow Jews. It is entitled *The Origin of Christianity and a Commentary to the Acts of the Apostles*, and, by a collation of the *Talmud* and other rabbinical books with the books of the New Testament, especially the Epistles and Acts, numerous new results are said to have been attained in Biblical research. The chief points which Dr. Wise claims to have established are—the real existence of Jesus and the apostles; the possession of manuscripts in the first century, by Jesus Himself and the apostles; the nature of the differences between Paul and the original apostles; the identity of Stephen and one Rabbi Judah, and Paul with the Acher of the *Talmud*; the history of the apostles, including that of Paul; the origin of the principal doctrines, also of the Holy Ghost, Messiah, Son of God, Metathron, Synadelphon, Logos, as also the demonology and angelology of that age;—in the course of which arguments he explains numerous passages in a new manner, opening a wide field for new research, and adds many facts to the life of Paul which have been hitherto unknown. Such is the promise of a book which will be looked for at least with curiosity.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS J. CONANT corrects an account which has been published of the translators of the new version of the Bible, and which named as among those co-operating with him in the work the Rev. George R. Bliss, D.D., professor of Greek and Latin in the Lewisburg University; Dr. Asahel C. Kenrick, professor of Greek in Rochester University; Rev. Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., professor of Hebrew in the Newton Theological Seminary; Dr. Roediger, of Berlin, in Germany; Rev. Dr. Wyckoff; Rev. Dr. Colenso; and Messrs. Layard and Ferguson. Only the first five gentlemen, Dr. Conant says, have had any hand in the work. The translation of the New Testament was his own, being revised by his associates, while of the Old Testament *Job* and *Genesis* only have been published, these being entirely his, as is the book of *Proverbs*, now partly in type. The books of *Joshua*, *Judges*, *Ruth*, and *Samuel* are in the hands of Dr. Hackett and Dr. Bliss, but no time is named for the probable completion of the work.

CENTRAL PARK, Mr. Hackett reports, is likely to receive in season for its inauguration on Shakespeare's next birthday the bronze statue of the poet on which Mr. J. Q. Adams Ward, the sculptor, is engaged, and for which the foundation was laid in the Park April 23, 1864, the tercentenary anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. From the other side of the water comes the report of the annual meeting at Stratford-upon-Avon of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace and Museum, which shows that the number of visitors last year was upward of 4,500, or 2,000 more than in the year before; that the library has grown largely, mostly by Mr. Halliwell's contributions, and now contains thirty-six separate editions of Shakespeare's works; that the catalogue of the library and museum fills an octavo volume of 180 pages; and that the debt is being steadily extinguished.

AMONG the twenty-four statues of men of science of all countries which are to adorn the new building of the University of London, there is likely to be represented but one of our countrymen—Franklin, "to whom," says *The Athenaeum*, "we have as much right as the Americans have to Shakespeare."

A VERY interesting entertainment was offered to lovers of music at the Third Annual Springtide Singing Festival of the Orpheon Free Schools and Charity Children, held at the Academy of Music on the evening of the 26th ultimo, before an excellent house, under the able direction of Mr. Jerome Hopkins, who has, we believe, been mainly instrumental in getting up the schools. Some of the solos were very admirably rendered, Mr. A. H. Pease's performance of Raff's *Cachucha Caprice* and Miss Gertrude Frankau's delivery of *L'Estasi*, which received the tribute of an *encore*, being especially noteworthy, though the orchestra in the latter piece seemed to us a little too heavy for the voice. The chief interest of the occasion, however, centred of course in the chorus, which showed a very gratifying degree of progress. Von Weber's impressive but difficult glee, *Lutwold's Wild Chase*, with echo chorus, was admirably given, and part third of *Jerusalem the Golden* almost equally well. The delivery of *The Hallelujah Chorus*, which concluded the programme, was also meritorious, though a majority of the audience would doubtless have enjoyed it better if permitted to hear it in their seats. We should not omit to say that in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Theo. Thomas, who was to have led the orchestra, his place was well filled by Mr. Jerome Hopkins and Mr. Eben, who shared the responsibilities and labors of that difficult position. Altogether, the festival seemed to us a very pronounced success; and we trust it will have the effect of forwarding Mr. Hopkins's praiseworthy enterprise.

GEN. JOHN A. DIX, as no admirer of the Seven Great Hymns will need to be reminded, made some years since one of the most successful versions of the *Dies Irae*. There is now privately printed, in a style uniform with that in which the other appeared, a no less excellent rendering of the *Stabat Mater* of Jacobus de Benedictis. We should be

glad to be able to quote the whole, but must content ourselves with the first and last stanzas:

I.	Stabat Mater dolorosa, Juxta crucem lacrymosa, Dum pendebat filius, Cujus animam gementem, Contristatam et doleantem, Pertransiit gladius.	7.	"Near the Cross the Saviour bearing Stood the Mother lone, despairing, Bitter tears down falling fast. Wearied was her heart with grieving, Worn her breast with sorrow heaving, Through her soul the sword had passed.
X.	"Fac me cruce custodiri, Morte Christi præsumiri, Conferri gratia. Quando corpus morietur, Fac ut animæ donetur Paradisii gloria."	10.	"With the Cross my faith I'll cherish; By Christ's death sustained I'll perish, Through His grace again to rise, Come then, death, this body sealing, To my ransomed soul revealing Glorious days in Paradise."

MR. LONGFELLOW last week sailed with his family for Europe, where he purposes remaining for a year and a half or more. At a farewell dinner to the poet Dr. Holmes read the inevitable stanzas with which he signalizes every Boston event.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND also started last week on a prolonged visit to Europe.

MR. CHARLES MERRIAM, the Springfield publisher, has also gone abroad.

MR. ANDRÉ L'HERITIER, for several years the chief editor of *Le Courrier des Etats-Unis*, died last week in New York.

LORD BYRON'S admirers have reason to delight in the new stores of information about the poet's character. The latest discovery, which is announced by Italian papers, is that of an interesting series of papers in the monasteries of St. Lazare, near Venice. They are a correspondence between Lord Byron and the Armenian Monks, with whom he spent much time, and to whom he pays a tribute in *Childe Harold*. Among the acquisitions of the British Museum during last year there have also been some interesting memorials of the poet—Cantos I. and II. of *Childe Harold* with Byron's autograph notes and corrections, the proof-sheets of *British Bards and Hints from Horace* with autograph corrections, and his own draught of a speech made in the House of Lords. Above all there is the aforetime Countess Guiccioli's *Lord Byron, jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie*, which has seen the light in Paris though it has not yet reached us here, and on which *The Athenaeum* dwells at length, throwing some interesting side-lights upon it. The writer, who, by the way, does not avow her authorship, "labors to prove her hero perfect, as man and as poet," leaving a few shadows, "not that she believes in them, but for artistic effect," and observing, "Quelques ombres rendent le paysage plus beau et plus éclatant." But we shall not dwell at second hand on what will soon come before us more directly, and we quote *The Athenaeum* in order to refer the curious to a detailed account, not likely to be given elsewhere, of Lord Byron's ancestry. On this there has been a dispute, some holding that in nobility of descent it could not be surpassed, others that its connection with the Byrons (De Burun) who "came in with the Conqueror" was a delusion and a sham. The poet, it is here shown, is descended beyond doubt from the old line, but an ancestor, in the time of Henry VIII., was a bastard. There was another blot, characteristic of the Stuart court. One of the illegitimate line, the genuine one having become extinct, was made Baron Byron, of Rochdale, by Charles I. in 1643; he was childless, and the barony passed to the next of the seven brothers, there having been from then till now seven barons of the name. Of the second wife of the first of these (whether it was from her or from the first wife that the poet was descended is not stated) Pepys relates that she was "the king's seventeenth mistress abroad. She did not leave him till she had got him to give her an order for £4,000 worth of plate to be made for her. But, by delays, thanks be to God, she died before she had it." Byron was proud of his ancestry, and possibly was ignorant of these blemishes, as he was, so at least *The Athenaeum* says, of incidents worth being proud of, and for which we must refer our readers to the English reviewer.

THE HIMALAYAN SOCIETY is an association of savans recently established at Lahore, whose nature and plans we find set forth in *Trübner's Literary Record*. It takes for the field of its labors that great mountain chain which stretches from Assam to the table lands of Persia, and which contains within its hills and valleys a thousand mysteries of history and language and race. "To naturalists," says the prospectus, the "Himalayas have splendid triumphs to offer; their flora and fauna are numerous and varied, and, as yet, imperfectly known, while every geological formation is to be found on a stupendous scale. To ethnologists and philologists what can be more interesting than this region, which contains, perhaps, the key to some of the most absorbing and difficult questions of the day? Here, in the extreme north-west of the Himalayas, the Aryan had, probably, its origin; among these valleys, where the Katoh Rajputs count their four hundred and seventy kings, may yet perchance be found the remains of that tongue from which Sanskrit and its sister languages have alike descended. But it is not to naturalists and savans alone that the Himalayan Society appeals. It looks for valuable and entertaining contributions from sportsmen and tourists, who, by aiding the society, will find increased pleasure in their wanderings." The objects of the society are stated in three divisions—Natural Science, including the



geology, zoology, botany, topography, and meteorology of the Himalayas; Anthropology, using the term in its most extended sense, and including ethnology, philology, archaeology, history, religions, and customs and manners of the hill tribes; and Miscellaneous, sport and personal adventures in the Himalayas. The society purposes to publish a journal called *The Himalayan Society's Journal*, less formal in character than the proceedings of most literary and scientific societies; to promote and aid Himalayan travel and research, and to conduct special investigations; and also to form a library at Lahore, containing all works having a special reference to the Himalayas, and to undertake the publication of any new works on the subject, and the collection or republication of information already in existence.

THERE has just been published in London the first number of *The Quarterly Journal of the British Literary Union*, its contents apparently being mainly preliminary and explanatory.—A new series has been commenced of *The Journal of Philology*, which will be published half-yearly, on the first of June and of November. Its editors are Messrs. W. G. Clark, W. A. Wright, and J. E. B. Mayor, all of Cambridge; and among its contributors are enumerated Profs. Conington and Correll, Messrs. Paley, Cope, R. Ellis, Munro, Bywater, Jebb, F. W. Farrar.—*The Alpine Journal*, now in its twenty-first number, will henceforth appear quarterly, under the auspices of the Alpine Club, Mr. A. T. Malkin being its editor.—A new satirical journal, not apparently to be ranked with the professedly humorous weeklies, but more nearly with the wholly unique *Tomahawk*, is entitled *The Censor*.

M. SAINTE-BEUVE is at odds with the purists who will not hear of using words that have not dictionary sanction. In a review of M. Firmin Didot's *Observations on French Orthography*, he elaborately justifies the appropriate and guarded employment of *émouvoir*, a word of this class, the nearest existing substitute for which is *émouvoir*. He afterward passes to the divisions in the French Academy concerning the principle on which the new edition—the sixth, which is to be published in three or four years—of its dictionary is to be revised. M. Sainte-Beuve, as may be seen from a detailed account of his argument in the Paris letter of *The Publisher's Circular*, advocates the proposed innovations, and expresses his satisfaction at the commencement of the discussion by the Academy of the candidates for admission, the first of which, *absolutism*—on whose fate depended *radicalism*—was allowed to pass. Much of his argument is so interesting that we feel justified in quoting at length:

"In the preparation of the first dictionary of the Academy, and in the manuscript portions which have been preserved of it, the ideas of Bossuet prevailed, and they were very judicious and very sound. He was in favor of a moderate reform. His notion was they should not adopt the 'impertinent' orthography of Ramus, neither should they servilely accept the old orthography, 'which superstitiously attaches itself to every letter drawn from languages from which our tongue has taken its words'; he proposes a golden mean, namely, not to return to the old orthography, overlaid with letters which were not pronounced, but to follow ordinary usage, and to retain the remnants of the origin and the vestiges of antiquity, so far as usage might permit. . . . It was only in the third edition of its dictionary, the edition published in 1740, that the Academy became really modern, and accomplished decisive reforms in orthography. Fontenelle and La Motte, and their influence, were in the intervening space of time. If this third edition be compared with the first, we shall find, says M. Didot, who has looked narrowly into the matter, orthographical changes in 5,000 words, namely, in at least one-quarter of the whole vocabulary. There was great lopping of every sort of superfluity—'thousands of parasitical letters disappeared.' We owe to this third edition, into which the spirit of the eighteenth century penetrated, that we no longer write *advocat*, *apostre*, *bienfaiteur*, *laïc*, etc.; all these, old-fashioned and Gothic, gave way to a more slender and airy orthography. Abbé d'Olivet had the chief share in this labor. He was really the secretary and pen of the Academy; in its weariness it had ended by giving him full power. The sixteenth cen-

tury was bold, the seventeenth became timid and docile in many respects; the eighteenth became bold, and orthography, as well as everything else, felt it. Orthography then lost or, from the start, tucked under a little of the broad wig with which it had been covered. . . . Voltaire, the great simplifier, who in everything went to the business which pressed most, and who in orthography was able to content himself with asking a reform only on one single essential point. By demanding it incessantly, and preaching by example, he ended by obtaining and forcing it upon the public. This reform, however, which consisted in substituting *a* for *o* in all words where *o* was pronounced *a*, was not unanimously accepted during his life. It was not admitted in the fourth edition of the Academy's dictionary which appeared in 1762. The utmost concession made in it was to write with an *a* the words *connaissance*, *connaissance*, *connaissance*, which previously were written with an *o*. But it was only in the fifth edition, published in our day, in 1835, the important innovation, already admitted by most modern authors, was accepted by the Academy, and the reform preached by Voltaire became established law. There were some remarkable individual protests against it. Charles Nodier, in the first place from hatred to Voltaire, next from an ultra-romantic return to the past, and from several retrospective reasons or fancies, continued to maintain and use the *o*. Lammenais, likewise, radical on so many points, was retrograde and reactionary about the *o*; he affected to maintain it. Chateaubriand also maintained the old orthography; it was a bit of a cockade, an additional tie with the past. It will require some efforts to be made to introduce into the edition in preparation all the modifications reason requires, and which shall make of this new publication a date and starting-point of the language."

MR. JOHN CRAWFORD, an English Oriental scholar, author of some Malayan grammatical works, but best known for his *History of the Indian Archipelago*, which is the standard work on its subject, has just died in England at an advanced age.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(62).—Having noticed in one of your agreeable philological articles a derivation of the Saxon *ton* from *time*, a "hedge stake," I am tempted to state what my impression has been, viz., that *ton* is the Irish *don* or *dun*: an enclosure, a shut-in place, a fastness, a dwelling. *Dun-Edin* was the fortress of Edinburgh, as you are aware.

"Pledge" is the Irish or Celtic *bleid-ig*—"to drink"—from *bleid*, a liquid and a cup. Blood is from *bleid*. As a lover of the etymologies—which, I think, hold most of the truths of the histories and the religions—I would observe that the Irish language underlies the Welsh, the Gaelic, the French, the Dutch, the Saxon, and the Runic or Norse; and that nearly every one of the German and English curiosities of legend, literature, and romance has bourgeoned from the same venerable stem.

BROOKLYN, May 26, 1868.

W. D.

(55).—By the occasional enquiries, in your paper and elsewhere, in regard to the writings of the late Fitz-James O'Brien, I am glad to perceive that the memory of that gifted poet and versatile journalist is not altogether forgotten. That none of his old literary associates have made a collection of his works seems surprising. Of the two whom he appointed his literary executors, on his death-bed in 1862, Frank Wood has been dead four years, and Mr. Thomas E. Davis, of Staten Island, seems indisposed to take any action in regard to the matter. The manuscripts and printed copies of his productions, which were in Wood's possession at the time of his death, have since become scattered and probably lost, so that a complete record of his literary labors has now become unattainable. It may be well, therefore, before the identification of his well-known writings grows more difficult, to put in print a list of them for future reference; and you may perhaps think it worth while to grant me the necessary space in your paper for this purpose.

Before coming to America, O'Brien contributed several articles to the first two volumes of Dickens's *Household Words*; and these, together with what he wrote for our own *Whig Review*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Saturday Press*, I have not identified. Of his prose contributions to *Harper's Magazine* my list is almost, if not quite, complete; but of his poems in the same periodical it is complete only after Vol. XIX., though the majority of them are probably included. He printed many poems in *Harper's*

*Weekly*, of which but a few can now be identified. The index of writers kept by the publishers of *Putnam's Monthly* only covers the first five volumes, in which he had a dozen pieces, as given below; what he afterwards wrote for it cannot now be made out. In the list which follows the numerals refer to volume and page, and when not otherwise indicated *Harper's Magazine* is to be understood:

Baby Bloom, x, 503.  
Baby Bertie's Christmas, xii, 208.  
Beauty, The, xi, 198.  
Belladonna, ix, 78.  
Bohemian, The, xi, 233.  
Bohemian Papers, The, *Harper's Weekly*, 1857—707, 723, 739, 755, 771, 787, 803, 819; 1858—3, 19, 35, 51, 67, 83, 99, 115, 131, 147, 211.  
Captain Alicant, xiii, 105.  
Child that Loved a Grave, The, xii, 862.  
Diamond Lens, The, *Atlantic Monthly*, i, 354 (Jan., 1858).  
Dora Dee, xiv, 369.  
Drawing-Room Drama, xi, 397.  
Dragon Fang, The, xii, 519.  
Duel, The, xi, 649.  
Duke Humphrey's Dinner, xi, 352.  
Editor at Large, *Putnam's Monthly*, iv, 331, 434.  
Fiddle, The, ix, 536.  
How I Overcame my Gravity, xxviii, 779.  
How Nellie was Pawned, xiii, 501.  
Last Poet Out, The, *Putnam's Monthly*, iv, 213.  
Lost Room, The, xvii, 404.  
March of the Seventh, The, *Times*, April 29, 1861. *Rebellion Record*, i, 148.  
Maud of Tennyson, The (Critique), *Times*, 1854 (?).  
Milly Dove, xi, 782.  
Mrs. Macsimun's Party, *Putnam's Monthly*, iv, 660.  
Mother of Pearl, xx, 392.  
My Son Sir, x, 246.  
Nest of Nightingales, The, xviii, 510.  
Our Young Authors, *Putnam's Monthly*, i, 74, 155.  
Pot of Tulips, The, xi, 807.  
Seeing the World, xv, 742.  
Sister Anne, xii, 91.  
Skulls, The Two, vi, 343.  
Terrible Night, A, xiii, 639.  
Tommatto, xxv, 325.  
Uncle and Nephew, xiv, 678.  
What Was it? xviii, 504.

## POEMS.

Bacchus, *Saturday Press* (?).  
Challenge, The, *Putnam's Monthly*, v, 504.  
Christmas Tree, Our, xx, 513.  
Countersign, The, xxiii, 396.  
Down in the Glen at Idlewild, xxv, 236.  
Enchanted Titan, The, xx, 52.  
Fuller Star, The, xxi, 834.  
Finishing School, The, xvii, 433.  
Garden Walk, The, *Putnam's Monthly*, iii, 582.  
Havelock, The, xxiii, 512.  
Kane, *Harper's Weekly*, March 14, 1857, i, 161.  
Lamentable Complaint of Miss Poppelle (?), xviii, 722.  
Legend of Easter Eggs, The, xxii, 637.  
Loss, Of, xxiii, 650.  
Lost Steamship, The, xx, 678.  
Minot's Ledge, xxii, 660.  
My Johnny, xxi, 518.  
Pallida, *American (Whig) Review*, 1854 (?).  
Pot of Gold, The, xxiii, 397.  
Prisoner of War, The, xxiv, 348.  
Prize Fight, The, xviii, 84.  
Sea, *Putnam's Monthly*, iv, 666.  
Seventh, The, *New York Times*, April, 1861. *Rebellion Record*, i, 17.  
Sewing Bird, The, xxi, 433.  
Shamrock, The Ballad of the, xxii, 433.  
Skaters, The, xxii, 350.  
Soldier's Letter, A, xxiv, 508.  
Tenement House, The, xxiii, 732.  
Three Gannets, The, *Putnam's Monthly*, iv, 536.  
Touching the Stag, *Continental Monthly*, ii, 105 (July, 1862).  
When I Came Back from Sea, xxi, 237.  
Willy and I, *Putnam's Monthly*, v, 49.  
Winter, *Putnam's Monthly*, v, 11.  
Wonders of Santa Claus, The (?), *Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 26, 1857, i, 820.

My thanks are due to the editors of *Harper's* and *Putnam's* for their kindness in assisting in the compilation of the above list, and I shall be glad to be informed in regard to any of the numerous titles that should be added thereto. Incomplete as it is, it is offered in the hope of assisting some in the enjoyment of one of the cleverest of recent American writers, whose place in our current literature will not soon be filled, and whose productions deserve a better fate than the one usually accorded the writings of the magazinist.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS., May 23, 1868.

L. H. B.

(61).—Old Grimes may be found in Burton's *Encyclopædia of Wit and Humor* and in Griswold's *American Poets*.

Yours truly,

PUNIC.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1868.

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